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THE POOR CRIPPLE BOY.

BY CATHERINE LEDYARD.

The love of holydays would seem to be an inherent quality of our nature.—Even the stern old Puritans, who were in the habit of offering up every harmless incitement as a sacrifice at the shrine of a sincere but mistaken zeal—who abolished the observance of all fast-days, and prohibited the making of mince pies, under penalty of the law, found themselves obliged to provide a substitute for what they had renounced. Thus was Thanksgiving born into the world; and though by hundreds of years the junior of Christmas, Michaelmas, Easter, and the various other holydays, ere long took their place throughout all that portion of America which owned the sway of the decendents of the Pilgrims. In our time, however, the old holydays seem to be coming into favor once more; the Christmas merry making, that relic of ancient "superstition," is duly observed and seen side by side with the genuine evangelical festival, in the affections of the people; while those who once looked upon Thanksgiving as a *parvenu* that had no more claim to notice than the commonest day of the week, now honor him, in turn, and mark his presence by the fattest of turkeys and the goldenest of pupkin pies. Perhaps this mutual observance of days, once regarded on either side with distrust and dislike, may indicate that a spirit of gentler, more universal charity than our fathers knew, pervades the world of to-day.

We good country people hold Thanksgiving and Christmas in due reverence; but pay little attention to New Year; it would seem that we rather incline to festivals of a homely and familiar nature, than to that routine of rapid calls which gives you scarce time to recognize your visiter before he is up and away. In our cities and large towns the case is different; "New Year's" is there held in high esteem, and great preparations are made for "keeping" it with proper ceremony. Well I honor to all holydays, say I, and "the more the merrier."

It was the eve of the year 18—. The rays of the setting sun glowed redly on the roofs and spires of a great city, crowded with human life. The air echoed with the hum of voices, the tinkling of sleigh-bells, and the footsteps of the throng that hurried through the broad thoroughfares. The dresses of the ladies, rich with furs, and gay with brilliant hues; the whirl of the huge sleighs, drawn by spirited horses, and filled with merry parties; the display in the shop windows of everything beautiful, ingenius, useful or useless, that the most fantastic imagination could devise—gave to the whole city an air of festivity and rejoicing. Only now and then some half-clad beggar passed shivering along, or a pale seamstress wrapped her thin shawl closer about her form, as she walked quickly toward her cheerless home.—Alas! what a bitter thing is want, that can make of home—that last dear refuge upon earth, that spot which should hold nought but peace, and love, and joy—a lone and desolate place.

Night drew on; lights began to twinkle in the shop windows, and on the numerous vehicles rushing through the streets—the moon and stars came out, and shone in the clear frost heaven.

And now servants were carrying home the good things for the morrow—fowls, fruit, and vegetables—dainty confectionaries—huge plum cakes, thickly iced—crisp crollers—flaky pastry, and those bcookies, ounteously sown with caraway, which, spite of modern innovations, still keep their place upon the New Year's table.

Far away from the bustle and gayety, in one of the meanest streets of the city, stood a gloomy old house, in which dwelt I know not how many poor families.—Where rents are high and labor low, men crowd by tens and fifties into a single building. That of which I speak was inhabited, for the most part, by respectable, industrious people, and the little community thus formed was orderly and quiet. Among the lodgers was a poor widow, who, with her only child, a cripple from his infancy, occupied a little room in the third story. If you had glanced into the small appartment that New Year Eve, you might have realized how hard a thing to bear is even honest, hard-working poverty. The widow herself sat by a little stand, which, with two chairs, a stove, a bed, and some indispensable cooking utensils, formed the furniture of the room.—She was sewing—stitching busily on some fine linen, by the light of a single miserable candle. Stitching linen, is, as we know, very trying to the eyes at any time, and doubly so by an imperfect light.—What would this poor woman do, I wonder, if her sight should fail her? How would she support herself and the helpless child whose pale-face lies yonder among the pillows? It is hard to say.

Mrs. Mason, for that was her name, was a neat-looking woman, as neatness manifests itself under the pressure of the most limited means. In such casse, of course, we can expect nothing more than cleanliness and carefully mended garments; these she possessed. She might have been pretty in the days before want and care had done their work upon her features; if, indeed, she had ever known such days. For the last ten or twelve years her experience of life had been gloomy enough. She had an intemperate husband, who treated her as such people are apt to treat those wholly in their power; and she had a crippled child to maintain from so much of her earnings as his father chose to leave at her dispo. Her sole earthly luxury was the affection of little Arthur. The child, as is sometimes the case with those whom disease has debarred from physical development, was thoughtful beyond his years. He loved his mother with the most reverent and tender love, and she, on her part, thought him the best and dearest child ever given to a mother's heart.

When Arthur was eight years of age, his father died in a fit of delirium tremens. It was not to be supposed that his widow would mourn for him; it must have been a relief, one would think, when he was gone. But strange to say, she felt a real sorrow at his death; perhaps it was the remembrance of times long past, when both were young, and he was kind, that caused her to shed such bitter tears upon his grave. "There are some women" so constituted, that when they have once loved they love always, through every species of wrong and degradation.

It was now two years since the death of the husband; during that time, Mrs. Mason had lived in comparative comfort.—She was able, by persevering labor, to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her child; this year she had done a little more. Poor woman! how worn and tired she looked as she sat sewing by the wretched light. Arthur gazed thoughtfully at her, but did not speak, save once when he directed her attention to the little rose-tree which stood in its earthen-ware jar, upon the stand. When she had finished her work, and laid it away in the corner closet, he called her to him.

"I am so glad you are done," he said, putting his arms about her neck, and kissing her fondly, "I have been wanting to talk to you all the evening. O mother, you do not know how many thoughts I have as I lie here in bed so quietly."

"Indeed dear—what are they?"

"I think so much about the country; I cannot tell why I should, for you know, mother, I never was there in my life.—But I have read so much about the green fields, and the flowers, and the brooks, and the little lambs frisking about, that I can almost see them. It seems as if it must be so delightful there."

"But my dear child, the fields are all covered with snow, and there are no leaves upon the trees; the country is very dismal at this season."

"I know that the snow covers everything green, but there are boys skating on the pond, as the boys here skate along the gutters, and they snowball each other, and play about so merrily in the open air. You cannot tell how I sometimes long to run and jump like other people—did I never take a step in all my life?"

"Never, except when you were a very little child; you were not two years old when this cruel disease came upon you."

"I was thinking about it to-night, and it seemed so hard never to be able to walk without a crutch, that I felt like complaining of my lot; was not that very ungrateful, mother?"

"No; I wonder that you do not often have such feelings."

"But only think, how much worse off I might be if I had no one to take care of me, or if you were unkind to me; it *would* be hard to bear, then."

"I do not believe any one could have the heart to be unkind to you, my dear, good boy."

"I am not good," said the child, shaking his little head; "I have wrong thoughts sometimes. Last week, when Mrs. Emelson did not pay you, and you could not get anything for our Christmas, I was really angry. I could not see how it was right for her to have your money to spend, for it was yours, mother; you worked hard to get it."

"You should not have felt so, my dear; Mrs. Emelson is a rich lady, but she has a great many uses for her money, and she did not know how much we needed it."

"I remembered that to-night, and was sorry to have been so angry about it; but don't you think it is wrong for people not to take pains to know whether those that work for them need their pay or not? It seems to me that if I were a rich lady, and had a poor woman to do my sewing, I should try to find out whether she did not want things, before I laid out my money so that I could not pay her. It seems as if I should know that she must want bread, or coal, or candles, or something."

"That is because you are poor, and understand all about the troubles of the poor—rich people do not imagine how important a few shillings are to folks like us."

"Well, I suppose not; but I lie here so much that I have nothing to do but to think of my own troubles, and I get in the way of judging everybody harshly."

"You blame yourself too much, my dear boy; you hardly ever speak of your pains and aches."

"I don't try to be as cheerful as I ought; I often feel as if I were the most unfortunate little fellow in the world, when you know I am really happy in having such a dear, kind mother. I have been making a great many good resolutions to-night, and hope to be able to keep them. I hope to think more of my blessings and less of my trials; they are not such very great trials after all. This is a nice warm room to stay in during the cold weather, and I can talk to you, and read to you; we can take a great deal of comfort together, can't we, mother?"

"We can and do, certainly."

"So you see I am not going to fret any more; I intend to begin the New Year well, at any rate. And if I should feel inclined to complain, there is some one who will help me to be good, if I ask him."

"That is right, my darling; I am glad you feel that. And now what will you have for your New Year's dinner. Mrs. Emelson paid me this morning, and we will have our Christmas to-morrow."

"I suppose you will not venture upon roast turkey and plum pudding," said Arthur, with a smile."

"No, dear: and it would not be well for you to eat them if I did; what do you say to some nice chicken-broth? Or you can have some boiled rice, and I will get some milk for you to have with it."

"I will have the rice; that will be excellent. Mother, just look at my rose-bush; it has two buds, and one is almost open; I dare say there will be a full-blown rose to-morrow. How nice that will be; I shall have it for my New Year's."

"And listen, Arthur; there was a good little boy that Santa Claus forgot on Christmas Eve; I should not be surprised if he left something to-night to make up for it."

"Ah, I know what that means—you have got something pretty for me. Don't tell me anything about it, but let me wait till morning."

"I will do just as you wish—and now try to go to sleep. I have a small piece of work to finish, and then I will come too."

The boy turned his face to the wall, and was soon in a quiet slumber. The mother, when her work was done, took from the stand-drawer the things destined for the morrow's gift. They seemed very nice to her, though many a child would have thought them poor enough. There were two sticks of candy, a cluster of rasins, a primer with pictures and stories in it, and a soldier on a rocking-horse.—At this last the mother shook her head: he had cost her a whole shilling, and she feared that was extravagant. "But how delighted Arthur will be!" she said to herself, ane the soldier grew quite beautiful in her eyes. In truth, he was a trim little fellow; his uniform was bright scarlet, laced with black and gold; he sat erect, as a soldier should, and pressed his legs so close against the horse's side, that ashe seemed to be a part of him; there was something fierce and warlike in the very aspect of his hat and plume. The horse was bay with a blue saddle-cloth and yellow bridle; his ears were pricked up, as if he heard the trumpet sounding to the charge, and his fore-legs were arched in full gallop for the field. The mother placed him, with the candy and raisins, close by the little rose-tree, that Arthur might see him as soon as he awoke.—Then she put out the light, and lay down.

The boy was much awake in the night; he was in great pain, so that he could scarce refrain from crying out; nevertheless, he kept quiet, because he would not trouble his mother, who had so little time for rest. During the long hours of wakefulness and distress, his thoughts were often lifted to that One who suffered even as we, and knows how to pity our infirmities. Is it profane to think that angels strengthened the sick child, lying in the darkness, even as of old they strengthened Him?

Towards morning, Arthur's pain ceased, and he fell into a quiet sleep. The sun shone in brightly at the uncurtained window when his mother awoke, and, seeing that his eyes were closed, slipped carefully out of bed, that she might not disturb him. As she passed the stand while engaged in preparing their humble breakfast, she noticed that the rose-bud had opened; it was a beautiful flower, with crimson leaves rich as the softest velvet. "How pleased Arthur will be," she thought, "when he sees his rose and the red soldier."

Breakfast was ready, but the boy had not yet awakened; the mother, wondering at his long slumber, took up the presents, and went to the bed to arouse him. He lay with his cheek resting on one little hand; a sweet smile was on his lips.

"Wake up, dear," she called, "and see what I have got for you," but he did not move. A terrible fear came over her; she dropped the toys, and grasped him by the arm.

"Arthur! Arthur!" she cried. But it was in vain: the blue eyes were closed forever; the cheek and the hand it rested on were cold and still. Little Arthur had gone to that land where they know no pain or sorrow—where temptation never comes, and the heart has not to mourn over broken resolves and blessings misapplied.

And the red soldier lay on the coverlet, his clothes looking more scarlet than ever in the bright sunshine, while the rose upon the stand shed rich frangrance from its crimson leaves.

Merry children awoke that morning, eager for their gifts, and their little hearts leaped with gladness at the sight of the treasures that awaited them. But what was all their joy to his, whose New Year had begun in Heaven.

Preparation of soil for flowers.—People do not always consider that good, fresh, well-mixed, pulverized soil is as necessary for the fullest development of flowers, in all their beauty and fragrance, as for the production of fruits and vegetables. Fresh soil made of sods, compost, &c., is perhaps, the best for *upland* plants. The native locality of our finest flowers is usually in a deep, cool soil, (not cold and clammy,) partially shaded by surrounding plants; and such a soil they always love. We have seen the bloom of a plant increased double in size and number by an addition of fresh soil to the roots, and a sharp heading in of the branches—roses particularly so. All flowers indeed, when branching, require the knife as well as the compost heap, to develope their beauties in perfection.

Strawberry Beds.—If not cleaned and dressed, should be the begiuning of this month. A dressing of well rotted manure and ashes should be worked in between the rows, and straw laid between them. If to be had, a layer of tanner's bark, placed under the straw would be found useful.

The following lines were originally published in the N. Y. Tribune, they being, however, but a small part of the poem.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS IN MAINE.

Oh! I hear that kind of rapping, and the welcome friend whose tapping
Tells that Mercy, like an angel stands to guard the poor-house door;
And brotherhood that ever, by a holy, pure endeavor,
Seek our fallen sons to sever, from the monster vice of yore;
While the father, mother, children, see the gloomy poor house door,
Or the prison nevermore.

Thus the Sheriff does the rapping, and the spirits hear the tapping,
And they tremble in their lodgings, in the corner of the store;
And the noise of axe and hammer, with the people's shouts and clamor
Make the Spirits start and stammer, for they know their days are o'er,
And they blush, as they had ought to, but their bloody race is o'er,
Making maniacs nevermore.

From the Carpet Bag.

THE DYING BOY'S VISION.

BY W. A. FOGG.

On a lowly couch in a quiet room,
Which was filled with the summer's rich perfume,
Lay a child, whose wasted form, though fair,
Told plainly that slow disease was there.
His mother anxiously o'er him bent,
Watching the shades as they came and went
Over his countenance; but while
She watched, there came a placid smile,
And, opening his eyes, he gazed around
The darkened room, where not a sound
Its awful, gloomy stillness broke,
Till thus the little sufferer spoke:

"Oh, mother! see those beautiful forms
That by my bedside stand,
And gently and peacefully smile on me,
And clasp my cold, cold hand;
And, mother, see those crystal walls,
And those pearly gates unfold,
And the pretty beings treading there
O'er streets of the purest gold.
See, sister Fannie is with them there,
Though a year ago she died,—
Oh! little Charlie is with them too,
Whom we laid to rest by her side.
And they each have a little harp that shines
As bright as the summer's sun,—
See! now they are gazing sweetly on me,
Now towards my couch they come;
Now all are striking their beautiful harps,
And singing a joyful strain,
Which is caught by those in the golden streets,
And echoed back again;
And Fannie and Charlie and all have wings
As white as the driven snow,
And they're calling me away, away—
My mother dear—I—go."

A start, a smile, and a half drawn breath,
And the young child lay in the arms of death.
ELLIOT, Me., March 24th, 1852.

LIBERAL STATESMANSHIP.

The Portland *Advertiser* thus indicates its opinions respecting the true standard of statesmanship. It says of Mr. Stanly, the late bull-dog assailant of Mr. Giddiugs:

"True, he is from the South, with the feelings and sympathies of the South—but he instinctively respects the Northern man endowed with honest Northern feelings and sympathies. He has all the largeness of heart which should characterize every statesman who assumes to sit in our national councils as the guardian of the whole country's welfare and the servant of all the people. The attempt to hookwink him by any sectional jealousy, to prejudice him through any sectional interest, must ever be a failure from his very constitution. He sees straight through humbug of every shadow and texture."

Here is a resolution which Stanly lately introduced into the House, illustrating this "respect for northern men," "largeness of heart," and regard for "the whole country's welfare."

"*Resolved*, That any act of Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, without the petition and consent of the owners thereof: or any act abolishing slavery in places within the slaveholding States for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, navy-yards, and other like purposes; or any act suppressing the slave trade between the slaveholding States; or any refusal to admit as a State any Territory hereafter applying, because of the existence of slavery therein, or any act prohibiting the introduction of slaves into New Mexico or Utah; or any act repealing or materially modifying the laws now in force for the recovery of fugitive slaves; and all agitation which has for its purpose any of the above named objects, will be in violation of the provisions of the said measures of adjustment, and must be regarded as opposed to the best interests of the country, destructive of the peace of the Union."

Verily, whigs have no cause to fear a fall!

SLAVEERY AND DEMOCRACY.

The necessary war of slavery on democracy can be seen in an extract from a speech by Senator Bell of Tennessee. The reformers of Europe sought to adopt our democratic principle of equality of rights, but that it seems will not do.

"He pointed out the necessity in order to secure confidence in popular governments that these reformers should first reform their philosophy, get rid of their cant of *liberty, fraternity* and *equality*, and learn that no liberty, fraternity or equality can exist *without limitation.* He then adverted to the effect which this philosophy and spirit could have on this country.

A large party in this country declared that reform is a laggard and lingers behind the spirit and progress of the age. It was said that our institutions were not in keeping with the spirit of the age, were not democratic enough.—Whence came this new type of democracy? It is European born; it has destroyed liberty there, and the function of its advocates will not be fulfilled till it has destroyed liberty here.

He rebuked strongly that philosophy which cried out progress, and sought to make our institutions the type of democracy, in accordance with its theories of reform, social, moral and political.

☞ Boston papers assert that $14,000 were appropriated in that city, to help the rum interest and the *Mirror* defeat Neal Dow and "preserve the law."

ACCIDENT.—Five men belonging to Durham were drowned the 10th inst., near Dover Point, N. H., by the upsetting of a wherry. Their names were Elliot G. Burnham, Joseph P. Burnham, George Bunker, Stephen Garland, and Edward Furness. They had been to Portsmouth and were on their return.—*Norway Advertiser.*

REPUBLIC AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—MAINE LAW.

Our file of the *Polynesian* to Febuary 21 is received, reducing the time of communication with those Islands to two months.

The natives of Raiatea and several other islands had held a council and declared a Republic. The movement is so general that it is thought queen Pomare will not attempt to resist it. The President elected is half white and said to be very capable.

The spirit of the Maine Law has also reached those Islands. The Polynesian forcibly says:

"Are we ready at the Sandwich Islands, for the "prohibitory law." We do not ask, are we prepared for "a vigorous execution of the existing excise law," but, shall we "chain the tiger?" Do we need to watch, any longer, the deplorable effects of this monster vice, ere we banish it from the land? We are quite aware that there are some in this community who are willing to see a few more of their neighbors and friends writhing in the fatal coils of the unsparing demon; who are still content to commiserate the sad fate of one after another who fall victims to a power they are utterly unable to resist. And yet, they hug the delusion that reason, or respectability, or baptismal vows, or the title of gentlemen or some other equally impotent fallacy will keep them within the bounds of moderation.

We believe that nine-tenths of the people of these islands are not only ready to sustain a vigorous execution of our existing excise laws, but for a prohibitory statute against the sale of intoxicating drinks. Have our legislators the moral courage to propose it?

Lower the duty, and distil Rum! We most earnestly hope the time is not distant when we shall not only avoid the disgrace and ruin of such a retrograde movement, in the tale of the whole world, but when we shall imitate the noble example of those, who have cast off the shackles of a degrading tyrant, and prohibit altogether, the introduction of the defilement into the islands at all.

"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth." Here is a motto worthy of a Christian, and worthy of a Christian State."

"PURE" AT LAST!!

The *Argus* some time since said democracy had become "pure," and would now be "peaceable." If then too fast, the time has certainly come now. Mr. Polk, brother of the president and leader of the party in a speech on the Presidential question, lately delivered in the House of Representatives and carefully revised for publication, made the following official statement:

"Mr. Van Buran, it will be well remembered' pledged himself to veto any act of Congress abolishing slavery in this district, though he acknowledged the constitutional power to do so. So, also, I feel authorized to pledge any nominee of the next Democratic Convention for the Presidency, to give a like pledge as to repeal or modification (not at all likely to happen) should prove necessary to its more effectual execution, and be generally demanded by the South itself. In short, any Democratic nominee will unhesitatingly pledge himself to discountenance and, if necessary, *veto* any attempt to modify the Fugitive Slave law, in accordance with the views and demands of those who are aiming to effect that end"

We copy this in order that northern voters may know what is the pure "Democratic" platform. If the South wants the Fugitive Slave Law made more stringent the "Democratic" party will undertake to do it, but no change will be suffered in that statute which might render it more tolerable to northern freemen. This is what is called "Democracy" and a beautiful invention it is.

SLAVERY AGAINST PURITANISM.

A writer in one of our southern exchanges, (*Thibodaux Minerva*,) maintaining in behalf of slavery, as he must, the doctrines of English Toryism, says:

"No one can look at the state of things produced by this foul spirit of abolition without discovering that the elements of disorganization which produced the anarchy of the French Revolution, are embodied in it; the two principles of these elements being religious fanaticism, and the steady influx of the barbarian population of Europe. *The odor of Puritanism still clings around much of the population of the north;* and what is this Puritanism? One would imagine that all the Patriotism in our country landed on the Rock of Plymouth, from hearing Fourth of July orators discoursing on the virtues and heroic deeds of the Puritan Fathers! Macauly, their own countryman, in his history of England describes them as people having no other object in view than to make the human family miserable, going through the land like a gloomy monster, hanging a shroud of despair around all peace, all enjoyment, all happiness."

He is entirely right in saying that abolitionism and puritanism are in principle and tendency one. But why do those who are alarmed lest popery should destroy our puritan principles, so perfectly at ease when slavery assails them? Where are our theologians and defenders of the faith? Slavery is eating out the puritanism of this country and boldly scouts it already, but why is there no alarm? Why are men's lips sealed? Because the work is so far accomplished! The writer should not have misrepresented Macauly.

LET IT COME.

Read carefully the following statement by the N. Y. Tribune. The issue *must come*, and the sooner the better, while the country has life.

"The Southern Press vindicates the devotion to one-ideaism which is the platform upon which it aims to rally the active patriotism of the Slave States in opposition, not only to abolitionism, but to what it deems the injurious and aggressive legislation of Congress, controlled by Northern majorities, against Southern interests. It claims that the single principle of universal emancipation exerts a potential influence in the politics of the country,—ruling both parties at the North—degrading and despoiling the South, and likely to control the Presidential election. From these premises it deduces the necessity for an earnest rally upon the antagonistic one idea that African Slavery is the most valuable of human institutions,—that "the system has thus far worked better than any system that has yet been tried on a great scale; it has resulted in a better state of society, superior modes of Government, and a greater amount of health, comfort, and progress, than any other." But on the other hand, it is alleged to have "begotten an apathy, a love of ease, a difficulty of concert, that have permitted the enemy to threaten its very existence. It must now accept the combat. It must not even stand any longer on its defence—*it must assail.*" Well, so be it.

LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL P. O., Madison Co., Ky.
April 5th, 1852.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 24th ultimo, inviting me, on the part of the Vigilance Committee of Boston, to be present and address the Convention who will "commemorate with appropriate services, in Tremont Temple," the 12th day of April,—that on which Thomas Sims was sent back into slavery, under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850,—was to-day received, and I hasten to reply. I receive this invitation, which circumstances will not allow me to accept, as a very distinguished honor, of which I am proud to make public avowal, and with feelings of gratification, because it will allow me, without the imputation of egotism, to enter my protest as an American citizen and a man against that most atrocious of all human laws! When I had the honor to make the canvass last summer, upon the sole basis of the constitutional overthrow of slavery in Kentucky, I separated from some of my ablest and longest-tried personal friends, upon the issue of making this law a part of the basis of the movement, it being generally conceded that my vote for Governor would be run up to twenty thousand, without opposition to the law, whilst I would not get as many hundreds by the opposite course. I cut the matter short by saying that, much as I hated slavery, I hated that law more! And now after all the argument which time-serving statesmen and canting clergyman and a mercenary press have been able to advance, and the experience of near two years' action of strife and bloodshed and "CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON," I am of the same opinion.

We inherited slavery—we made that law! The Constitution of the United States, with sighs and tears, took slavery into its embrace—believing that our independence could only thus be secured. But the Fugitive Slave Law was begotten in lust of power, and defied all shame and self-respect! We admire our fathers of '76, whilst we hate the deed! Notwithstanding all my Christian charity, when I look upon the Fugitive Slave Law, I cannot but avow that I hate the deed and the perpetrators! I hate them—because they confound all moral distinctions—calling evil good and good evil!—because they did an atrocity of such magnitude upon the basest and most selfish motives;—but, above all, I hate them, because of their smooth-faced, hypocritical cant! This bill was passed under the pretence of preserving inviolate the Constitution, and, as a consequence, the Union of these States! Now, Mr. Mason, of the Virginia school of strict constructionists, its author, knows,—and Daniel Webster, the "expounder of the Constitution," and the "Union Safety Committee" know—and every man of common sense knows, that the power of delivering up "fugitives from service" is granted to the States as sovereigns only, and that Congress has no power whatever—not the slighest—to pass any such law. This is not the place for argument, but simple statement of an opinion. If this Union shall ever be hated, that law will cause it to be hated. If this Union shall ever be dissolved, that law will be its death-blow and cause of dissolution! So that were I an abolitionist of the disunion school, I should not, on the 12th, wear sackcloth and ashes, but greatly rejoice that good was being evolved out of evil, in destroying forever that hypocritical cant of politician and priests, who can pray for all the atrocities of slavery, on account of the glorious blessings of freedom which the Constitution promises to the down-trodden nations—when now they are found in the patent scoundrelism of trampling that Constitution under foot, in base submission to the slave-tyrants of this nation!

But as I am really a Union man, and for submission physically to the laws, I regret the passage of that law for the Union's sake; and whilst, on the one hand, as I avowed to Kentucky, all earth could not make me assist in the execution of that misnomer, so, on the other hand, I cannot give my sanction to a violent resistance of laws, while on the statute book, and not yet by the proper courts declared null and unconstitutional.

It adds to my regret at not being present on the 12th, that I shall miss the occasion of hearing the true Christian and man, THEODERE PARKER; and that I shall be unable to meet personally that distinguished band of men and women who constitute the American abolition party—whose motives I have, on all proper occasions, at great personal sacrifice, vindicated. To you comes no reward of earth; not in the social circle—not of gold—not the pleasures of sensualism, however much purified in the fine and plastic arts, in music, and in poetry—not the power of place, where ambition grows immortal in achievement, caring not whether of good or evil—not of fame, to live in "storied urn or animated bust"—but struggling ever for the TRUE and the MERCIFUL—giving utterance, at all hazards, to the voiceless wo of the millions, who else have no advocate—if there be on earth any receptacle of that divine spirit which God through man to man reveals, are you not the true priests? You are the avengers! and though Webster cry peace, and though the press cry peace—though all the earth cry peace—and even though the "Union Safety Committee" cry peace, there shall be no peace, till justice be no longer "COMPROMISED!" To this liberty-canting people, of all nations the most oppressive, that God, "whose arm is not shortened," and whose ears are never closed to the poor and feeble who call for help, shall, through many brave spirits, North and South, ever thunder into the ears of tyrants—"*March,* MARCH, MARCH!"—*No more peace for ever, until the iron hand be loosed, and all men shall be* FREE!

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
C. M. CLAY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.,
Chairman of Sub Committee, &c., Boston.

New Hampshire Defeated, but not Conquered.

When a year and a half ago we felt it to be our privilege as well as our duty, to think and speak for ourselves upon public questions, and dared to oppose and denounce certain measures which we believed to be essentially wrong and anti-republican, we were well aware that we should be assailed with all the malignity and bitterness which a partizan press and party leaders could heap upon us. We expected that all the political meanness, all the arts and stratagems of demagogues would be used to drive us from the position we had taken in defence of what we believed to be the true principles of the democratic party.

At that time we were well aware that if we would trim our sails to suit the varying breezes of party interest—if we would consent to echo with parrot-like exactness, the heartless pretensions and false doctrines of the *Washington Union* and *N. H. Patriot*—in a word if we would consent to become a mere political pack-horse or camel, we could enjoy the "thrift that follows fawning" and sit around the crib of public patronage. We made our decision deliberately, and we have to-day no occasion to regret it. We prefer rather to endure the loss of party favor, and the assaults of heartless party managers, than to make our whole life a miserable lie, having the name of democracy upon our lips, and yet continually betraying and living down its principles by our acts. Having taken our position in support of what we believe to be the principles of Democracy as taught by the fathers of the Republic, we have no disposition to abandon the field. We may long be compelled to contend in the ranks of the minority—our cherished principles may not soon receive the sanction of popular applause—may never, even,

——"Be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Nor ours to hear on Summer's eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves."

But we shall be content to bide our time, looking forward with undoubted faith to the day when the Democratic masses of the country, undeceived by the sophistry and appeals to prejudice by which interested politicians have misled them, shall cease to be made the "natural allies of slavery" and to sustain in our own midst a system of monopoly, oppression, and favoritism hardly inferior to that existing in Great Britain. We know that the mass of the democratic voters in the free States are really the friends of Freedom, and hate oppression in all its forms; and that with a full understanding of the matter they would not consent to be sold to Gubenatorial or Presidential aspirants, by political speculators, or to aid in putting down Free Discussion, perpetuating monopoly, and in strengthening the power of modern feudalism. They will not much longer consent to stand before the world as the *especial supporters* of the Fugitive Slave Law, and permit it to be made the test of party allegiance. The voice of an indignant people will ere long protest against all unholy alliances, and from every section of our broad territories they will come to the support of the DISTINCTIVE PRINCIPLES of Democracy, and shake off the loathsome burden of selfish expediency and servility to party leaders under which they are now staggering.

The issue of the late contest in our old Granite State has been unfortunate to the cause of Free Democracy. We are defeated. But the friends of Freedom should allow no temporary reserve to shake their confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right. Democracy in New Hampshire will yet be a glorious reality; and when the day of her redemption shall dawn upon the hills and vallies, thrice happy will they be who can say in the words of that staunch old Republican, John Milton, "Among those who have struggled for the welfare of Liberty, I too have my character and freehold of rejoicing."—*Manchester Democrat.*

Bathing.—In our humble opinion, many of the diseases of mankind might be avoided by the simple performance of this cleanly duty. There is no excuse for its non-performance, by the common plea, we have no convenience for bathing. Yes you have. There is no occasion for going heels over head into the mill pond to perform ablution of the entire person. True a good bathing tub or convenient shower bath is useful, but not indispensable, because the skin can be kept perfectly clean by the use of a common wash bowl and coarse towels. By the solid matter thrown off by perspiration and accumulating dirt, the pores of the skin become clogged, and are rendered unfit properly to perform their functions.

A clean skin is not only conducive to the bodily, but to the mental health. Clothe a civilized race in rags and filth, and how soon they will become savages. No one can be clean who does not daily, or at least weekly, bathe in some way the whole surface of the body.

To Preserve Fruit.—Take any kind of fruit, such as plums, peaches, gooseberries, &c., picked while rather green, put them into bottles, filling them full, then fill the bottles to the top with water, and set them in a kettle of cold water over the fire and allow them to remain till the water in the kettle boils, then take the bottles out, cork them tightly, and set them in a cellar. It is said that various kinds of fruit may be kept in this manner for years.

Kossuth in Boston.

Kossuth before the Legislature.

At 12 o'clock precisely, His Excellency Gov. Louis Kossuth, of Hungary, accompanied by a portion of the reception Committee and his *suite*, was announced and presented to the Senate by Hon. Whiting Griswold, when the following addresses were made.

President Wilson's Speech.

Gov. Kossuth.—The Senate of this ancient Commonwealth receives this visit with emotions of the liveliest gratification. I am sure I utter the voice of the whole Senate in bidding you welcome to this branch of the Legislature.

The Senate of this Commonwealth entertain the most profound sympathy with your country in her misfortunes, and for you, her exiled leader and champion. The Senate of Massachusetts receive you to-day as the representative of Hungary and the champion of her freedom. The voice of the Senate in regard to your fatherland, to the conduct of the House of Hapsburg, the intervention of the Czar of Russia, your own position as the acknowledged head of your nation, and the duty of the Republic as one of the nations, has been expressed and placed upon the records of the Government. Those resolutions may be read by all men, now and in the future, for they utter the sentiments of the people of Massachusetts.

Your gallant nation has failed in its noble struggle for national independence. Hungary lies at the feet of the perfidious house of Hapsburg. But she will rise again.

You have laid your hand on the hearts of Massachusetts; I trust, sir, that heart beats strong and true to freedom and humanity

The Senate of Massachusetts indulges the hope that your nation may soon call you from exile, that you may give her your counsels in establishing her nationality and freedom. Having established the freedom of your country, like our Washington may you retire to the quiet scenes of private life, surrounded by your grateful countrymen, in the bosom of your family, in the companionship of your wife, whose devotion has cheered your heart amid the cares of public life, in imprisonment and exile, and won the sympathy of every manly heart.

When life's labors are done, its duties all performed, may you be cheered by the assurance that you have been true to your native land. May your eye as it looks for the last time on the scenes of earth, see your banner, the flag of Hungary, floating in peace and freedom. May your ear drink in the sweet music of the approving voice of your people, and may your soul be cheered by the consolation that when your heart ceases forever to beat, it will mingle with the dust of your fatherland.

"Truth naked is stronger than falsehood in mail,
The wrong cannot prosper, the right cannot fail."

Kossuth's Reply.

Kossuth replied in a brief extempore speech, of which we could not hear half, owing to the low tone in which he spoke, and his position in the area. Its general tenor was :—

Mr. President and Senators,—To be thus received by the official representatives of the people, and of the noble State of Massachusetts, is an honor of which any man may justly feel proud. Such a moment is worth a lifetime, and it is from the deepest emotion of my heart that I appreciate and thank you for it. But, Mr. President and Senators, I have nothing to say here, but to bow with deep respect to the representatives of the majesty of the people.

I thank them for their generous welcome, and acknowledge with profound gratitude the resolutions of this eminent Senate, to which you, Mr. President have referred. Your resolutions are revelations of your own brave nation's destiny. They contain, they embody the principles of your fathers, of hatred to oppression, and sympathy with whomsoever resists it. I recognize in them the indomitable spirit which led your glorious ancestors to quit all rather than submit, and after a century and a half more, to fight to the last rather than surrender to tyranny.

I recognize in them that energy, unequalled and unparalleled, which compelled victory in an unequalled contest, and has steadily since raised your great country to a like unparalleled height in moral majesty and national prosperity, in freedom and demonstration of capacity in the people for self-government. I recognize that prudent sagacity which taught us to avoid the commission of error — that philanthropy of a generous, open heart, which induces pity and sympathy for the victim of wrong and cruelty, and eager approval of self-absolution.

Now I have laid my hand on the hearts of the people of free America, and I ask them to take the part of my oppressed and bleeding country. And you know and I know that our cause must succeed. Whatever may be the fate of single individual men, the cause of liberty must triumph.

You, Mr. President, have been kind enough to wish for me, an humble laborer in her behalf, a high position in my country when she is disenthralled. My aspiration is not so high. It is my prayer, through the generous sympathy of free America, to have the happiness to see my country free and to enjoy a quiet life in the midst of my people, my family and my friends. And that is all for me that I can wish.

And now I know that my coming back to Europe will not be with the sign of despondency and despair, but will give hope and confidence to millions of hearts that now beat in Hungary with anxiety for sympathy from the people of this great, and free, and happy land. I have the hope to bring over to my suffering fellow-men the assurance of your aid and your regard, and be assured their gratitude and admiration will be imperishable.

Mr. President and Senators, once again I thank you for your cordial and warm hearted reception.

At the conclusion of Gov. Kossuth's remarks, on motion of Mr. Hazewell, the Senate adjourned.

At half past 12, Kossuth and his suite were escorted into the Hall of the House branch by the Reception Committee.

Mr. Hopkins of Northampton, presented the Hungarian patriot to the Speaker, saying—

I have the honor to present you, Sir, and through you to the house of Representatives, Governor Louis Kossuth of Hungary, the illustrious guest.

Mr. Bank's Welcome.

The Speaker of the House, N. P. Banks, Jr., then rose and said, in the name of Massachusetts I bid you an earnest and cordial welcome to this hall of legislation. It is but seldom that a person in public or private life has shown virtue and capacity so far to distinguish him as to make him the recipient of public honors.

Your personal sacrifices in behalf of your country, the energy and skill with which you arranged and called forth the armies of the nation on the field of unequal contest, and the faithfulness with which you still upheld and defended the flag and honor of your country even in exile, and the eloquence with which you have vindicated its rights, challenge our highest admiration.

The people of Massachusetts have spoken to you in a language which requires no explanation, and prevent the possibility of dissimulation and distrust. The people of Massachusetts love the privileges they enjoy, and they bear towards you, as the apostle of liberty, a kindred feeling.

It is a universal feeling, not limited to a few, and however they may differ as to the means of obtaining public prosperity or private good, there is no difference on this point.

Whether some of our citizens look for peace and prosperity triumphing, or whether they look for a day not distant when England shall lead the column of republican states in Europe in striking for their birthrights, and the freedom of the world, they yet believe the time is near at hand when all the kingdoms of Europe shall bear on their flags the symbols both of the prosperity of the people and the nation.

We cannot but see with regret the aggravation of oppression in those parts of the world, still less would we be worthy of our privileges if we do not welcome him who has devoted himself to the warmest liberties of his people and the highest welfare of his State

Accept, then, our warmest welcome to our midst, and our heartfelt wishes for the success of the cause in which you have already distinguished yourself.

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,—I present to you the distinguished statesman of Hungary, the choice of its people, the asserter of its ancient right, the defender of its liberties, its lost but still reliable champion, Gov. Kossuth, the illustrious guest of the Commonwealth.

Kossuth's Reply.

In the echo of every step I take on this hallowed ground, in every object which meets my eye, in being received thus as I am, and in my standing thus as I stand, there is such an awful and majestic revelation of the most wonderful operation of that Providence which rules the destinies of humanity, that my very voice shrinks back from falling from my lips, and I feel as if the spirit of coming events was whispering in my ears: "Bow in adoration before the finger of God, and follow silently his wink—man has to be silent when history speaks;" and it is history which speaks.

Who would have thought that the modest vessel which, two hundred and thirty years ago, landed the handful of pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, was fraught with the palladium of the world's history. Oppression drove them from their ancient European home to the wilderness of an unknown world. The Mayflower developed into a tree of freedom. Where the wilderness stood, there now a mighty Christian nation stands, unequalled in liberty, unequalled in general intelligence and general prosperity—a glorious evidence of mankind's sovereign capacity for self-government.

Oppression drove me from my native land. The battle field where the destinies of Christendom have been decided in former times, and the destinies of Christian civilization are to be decided again. Oppression drove me from that hallowed, martyred land; and I come an exile to the asylum of the oppressed, developed into a home of liberty.

But I come not to ask an asylum—not to seek anew home. I come to claim from the happy sons of the Pilgrim fathers a brother's hand for the oppressed of the Old World; that the old house where hundreds of millions dwell may not be doomed to become a jail to all those millions. And humble as I am, the cause I plead is great. It is the cause of the community in mankind's destinies; and because I plead that cause—because in my very misfortune there is a principle dear to your hearts, you honor the poor exile as no triumpher was honored yet.

You honor the misfortune of my people as no success was ever honored. I feel that it is almost presumptuous to say the words. "I thank you." It has something personal in it—it looks as if I had the arrogance to think that I have personally a share in the honors I meet; and—God knows my heart — that is not the case.

Massachusetts thus welcoming unfortunate Hungary as it does, is a revelation of the community in mankind's nobility; it is a revelation of the community in mankind's destiny; it is the spirit of liberty opening the book of the mysteries of the future, that it may be known to the world what it is Hungary has to do, and what it is America will do.

We bear a double cross in our arms—we bear it in our history. The mountains of Hungary, upon which that emblem of martyrdom was planted, are a Golgotha; but Golgotha is not the hill of death — it is the hill of resurrection and eternal life, triumphant over the doors of hell. When we had to bear the first cross, a long night of 180 years, lay gloomily over our golgotha, and still the day of resurrection came.

Now we have to bear the second cross, the night of death will not be so long. The stars of America are bright like a sun. It is from that place here they have risen first; it is from that place here they shine first, a sun of consolation and of hope to oppressed humanity; and that place here is so high in moral majesty as that its glorious light should not spread over the horison of the Christian world. It is not yet three years that Hungary is nailed to the second emblematical cross. The number three is omnious in mankind's history:

That is our part. Danger and suffering and resurrection. The part you will act is glorious. Oppression drove your Pilgrim fathers from Europe. The sons of the Pilgrims will send back in requital liberty. There is justice in divine decrees and there is logic in his history. The stone which the builders rejected has become the headstone of the corner. Hallowed be the name of the mighty God.

Sir, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem" is the motto of Massachusetts. Algernon Sidney wrote these words; he wrote it with that hand who styled it to be hostile to tyrants. Alas! poor Sidney, thy motto led thee to the scaffold to find the mild tranquility of freedom but in the cold grave. But thy martyr blood was not spilt in vain. The motto deadly to thee, mortal man, became successful reality as an immortal nation.

The motto must go round the world, and it will. I have a right to say the motto is my people's. There is no people on earth which has more right to say that it is determined to search with the sword freedom's mild tranquility—and it will find it. Sidney has died on the scaffold, and Warren on the battle field. They were mortal men, and I am an exile. I may die on the scaffold or on the battle-field. I am a mortal man, but liberty has triumphed on Bunker's Hill, and it will triumph around Buda's Hill.

The former was the first battle, the latter will be the last. Out of the martyr blood spilt on Bunker Hill the tree of freedom arose, spreading its mighty branches of a republic of more than twenty millions. The last is overshadowed gloomily by the tree of Russian despotism, stretching its branches far over its old field.—There is no place for these two trees on the earth. One must wither that the other may live

The spirit of this necessity moves through the air of free America. The instinct of the people, and your far enlightened sagacity is aware of it. The welcome you honor me with is a manifestation of a principle. I cannot better express my gratitude for it than by pledging my people's word, that Massachusetts may rely upon it, Hungary will do her duty for the spreading the triumph of those principles which inspired your approbation and your encouragement to the people of Hungary in honoring its cause in its exiled Chief.

SPEECH OF GOV. BOUTWELL.

Gentlemen: We have come from the exciting and majestic scenes of the reception which the people of Massachusetts have given to the exiled son of an oppressed and distant land, that, on this holy spot associated in our minds with the eloquence, the patriotism, the virtue of the revolution, we may listen to his sad story of the past and contemplate his plans and hopes for the future. And shall these associations which belong to us, and this sad story which belongs to humanity, fail to inspire our souls and instruct our minds in the cause of Freedom? Europe is not like a distant ocean, whose agitations and storms give no impulse to the wave that gently touches our shore. The introduction of steam power and the development of commercial energy are blending and assimilating our civilities and institutions. Europe is nearer to us in time than the extreme parts of this country are to each other. As all of us are interested in the prevalence of the principles of justice among our fellow men, so as a nation are we interested in the prevalence of the principles of justice among the nations and States of Europe.

Never before was the American mind so inteligibly directed to European affairs. We have not sought, nor shall we seek, the control of those affairs.

But we may scan and judge their character, and prepare ourselves for the exigencies of national existence to which we may be called. I do not hesitate to pronounce the opinion that the policy of Europe will have a visible effect upon the character, power and destiny of the American Republic.—That policy, as indicated by Russia and Austria, is the work of centralization, consolidation and absolutism. American policy is the antagonist of this.

We are pledged to liberty and the sovereignty of States. Shall a contest between our own principles and those of our enemies awaken no emotion in us?

We believe that government should exist for the advantage of the individual members of the body politic, and not for the use of those who by birth, fortune, or personal energy may have risen to positions of power.

We recognize the right of each nation to establish its own institutions and regulate its own affairs.

Our revolution rests upon this right, and otherwise is entirely indefensible.

The policy of this nation, as well foreign as domestic, should be controlled by American principles, that the world may know we have faith in the government as we have established.

While we cannot adopt the cause of any other people or make the quarrels of European nations our own, it is our duty to guard the principles peculiar to America, as well as those entertained by us in common with the civilized world.

One principle, which should be universal in States as among individual men is, *that each should use its own in such a way as not to injure that which belongs to another.*

Russia violated this principle when she interfered in the affairs of Hungary, and thus weakened the obligations of other States to respect the sovereignty of the Russian Empire.

The independent existence of the Continental States of Europe is of two-fold importance to America. Important politically, important commercially.

As independent States they deprive Russia, the central and absorbing power of Europe, of the opportunity on the Mediterranean to interfere in the politics and civilities of this Continent. Russia and the United States are as unlike as any two nations which ever existed. If Russia obtains control of Europe by the power of arms, and the United States shall retain this Continent by the power of its principles, war will be inevitable. As inevitable as it was in former days that war should arise between Carthage and Rome,—Carthage, which sought to extend the power by commerce, and Rome, which sought to govern the world by the sword. The independence of the States of Europe is, then, the best security, for the peace of the world. If these States exist, it must be upon one condition only—that each State is permitted to regulate his own affairs. If the voice of the United States and Great Britain is silent, will Russia allow these States to exist upon this principle? Has she not already partitioned Poland—menaced Turkey—divided with the Sultan the sovereignty of Wallachia—infused new energy into the despotic councils of Austria—and finally aided her in an unholy crusade against the liberties of Hungary? Have we not, then, an interest in the affair of Europe? And if we have an interest, ought we not to use the rights of an independent State for its protection?

The second consideration is commercial. Centralization, absolutism, destroys commerce. The policy of Russia diminishes production and limits markets. Whenever she adds a new State to her dominions the commerce of the world is diminished. Great Britain and the United States, which possess three-fourths of the commercial marine of the globe, are interested to prevent it. Our commerce at this moment with despotic States is of very little importance, and its history shows that in every age it has flourished in proportion to the freedom of the people.

These, gentlemen, are poor words and barren thoughts upon the great European question of the time. A question which America in her own name, and for herself, must meet at some future day, if now she shall fail to meet it firmly, upon well settled principles of national law, for the protection and assistance of other States.

I have done. The exiled patriot shall speak for himself. Not for himself only, nor for the land and people of Hungary he loves so well, but for Europe and America even he speaks. Before you he pleads your own cause. It is to a just tribunal I present a noble advocate. And to him it shall be a bright spot in the dreary waste of the exile's life, that to-night he pleads the cause of Hungary and humanity, where once Otis and Adams, and Hancock, and Quincy plead the cause of America and liberty.

I present to you Governor Kossuth of Hungary.

At the close of Gov. Boutwell's speech, Gov. Kossuth came forward upon the platform, and was received with three times three cheers with a will, after which some one called for three groans for Austria, and got them done in tolerable barytone, without a particle of sibilation. Gov. Kossuth was dressed in his fine Hungarian costume, with a sword, and spoke from notes, in a distinct voice, not a syllable was lost in any part of the Hall. Notwithstanding the disadvantage of the notes, and his speaking in a tongue foreign to him, he held the attention of the crowded and physically suffering assembly most perfectly till the last word, which all seemed to feel had come to soon. We can only account for the quiet and interested attention of a Faneuil Hall audience to a read speech, in a foreign accent, by the exquisite, and we might say aromatic deliciousness of the style, and the triumphant force of the thought. It swayed the mind like inspiration.

KOSSUTH'S SPEECH.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Do me the justice to believe that I rise, not with any pretention to eloquence, within the Cradle of American liberty. If I were standing upon the ruins of the Prytaneum, and had to speak whence Demosthenes spoke, my tongue would refuse to obey—my words would die away upon my lips, and I would listen to the winds, fraught with the dreadful realization of his unheeded prophecies.

Spirit of American eloquence, frown not at my boldness, that I dare abuse Shakespeare's language in Faneuil Hall! It is a strange fate, and not my choice.

My tongue is fraught with a downtrodden nation's wrongs. The justice of my cause is my eloquence; but misfortune may approach the altar whence the flame arose which roused your fathers from degradation to independence. I claim my people's share in the benefit of the laws of nature and of nature's God. I will nothing add to the historical reputation of these walls, but I dare hope not to sully them, by appealing to those maxims of political truth, the promulgation of which made often tremble these walls, from the thundering cheers of freemen, roused by the clarion sound of inspired oratory.

"Cradle of American Liberty!"—it is a great name, but there is something in it which saddens my heart. You should not say, "*American Liberty.*" You should say, "*Liberty in America.*" Liberty should not be either American or European—it should be just "*Liberty.*" God is God. He is neither America's God, nor Europe's God; he is God. So should Liberty be. "American Liberty" has much the sound as if you should say "American privilege." And there is the rub. Look to History, and when your heart saddens at the fact that Liberty never yet was lasting in any corner of the world, and in any age, you will find the key of it in the gloomy truth, that all who yet were free regarded Liberty as their privilege, instead of regarding it as a principle. The nature of every privilege is exclusiveness—that of a principle is communicative. Liberty is a principle—its community is its security—exclusiveness is its doom.

What is aristocracy? It is exclusive liberty; it is privilege; and aristocracy is doomed, because it is contrary to the destiny of men.—Aristocracy should vanish, not *in* the nations, but also from *amongst* the nations. So long as that is not done, liberty will nowhere be lasting on earth. It is equally fatal to individuals as to nations, to believe themselves beyond the reach of vicissitudes. To this proud reliance, and the isolation resulting therefrom, more victims have fallen than to oppression by immediate adversities. You have prodigiously grown by your freedom of 75 years; but what is 75 years to the for a quarter of immortality? No, my humble tongue tells the records of eternal truth. A privilege never can be lasting. Liberty restricted to one nation never can be sure. You may say, "We are the chosen prophets of God." The Jews have said so, and the pride of Jerusalem lies in the dust. Our Saviour taught all humanity to say—"*Our Father in Heaven,*" and his Jerusalem is lasting to the end of days.

"There is a community in mankind's destiny"—that was the greeting which I read on the arch of welcome on the Capitol Hill of Massachusetts. I pray to God, the Republic of America would weigh the eternal of those words and act accordingly; liberty in America would then be sure to the end of time; but if you say "American Liberty," and take that grammar for your policy, I dare say the time will yet come, when humanity will have to mourn about a new proof of the ancient truth, that without community, national freedom is never sure. You should change "*American Liberty*" into "*Liberty*," then liberty would be forever sure in America, and that which found a cradle in Faneuil Hall never would find a coffin through all coming days. I like not the word cradle connected with the word liberty, it has a scent of mortality. But these are vain words I know, though in the life of nations, the spirit of future be marching in present events, visible to every reflecting mind. Still those who foretell them are charged with arrogantly claiming the title of prophets, and prophecies are never believed. However, the cradle of American Liberty is not only famous from the reputation of having been always the lists of the most powerful eloquence; it is still more conspicuous for having seen that eloquence by practical success. To understand the mystery of this circumstance, a man must see the people of New England, and especially the people of Massachusetts.

In what I have seen of New England there are two things, the evidence of which strikes the observer at every step—prosperity and intelligence. I have seen thousands assembled, following the noble impulses of a generous heart; almost the entire population of every city, of every town, of every village where I passed, gathered around me, throwing the flowers of consolation in my thorny way. I can say I have seen the people here, and I have looked at it with a keen eye, sharpened in the school of a toilsome life; well, I have seen not a single man, bearing the mark that poverty upon himself, which in old Europe strikes the eye sadly at every step. I have seen no ragged poor—I have seen not a single house bearing the appearance of desolate poverty. The cheerfulness of a comfortable condition, the result of industry, spreads over the land. One sees at a glance that the people work assiduously, not with the depressing thought just to get bread from day to day, by hard toil, through the cares of a miserable life, but they work with the cheerful consciousness of substantial happiness. And the second thing which I would not fail to remark, is the stamp of intelligence impressed upon the very eyes and outward appearance of the people at large. I and my companions have seen the people in the factories, in the workshops, in their houses and in the streets, and could not fail a thousand times to think "how intelligent that people looks." It is such a people that the orators of Faneuil Hall had to speak, and therein is the mystery of success. They were not wiser than the public spirit of their audience, but they were the eloquent interpreters of the people's enlightened instinct.

No man can force the harp of his own individuality into the people's heart, but every man may play upon the chords of his people's heart, who draws his inspiration from the people's instinct. Well, I thank God for having seen the public spirit of the people of Massachusetts, bestowing its attention to the cause I plead, and pronouncing its verdict. After the spontaneous manifestations of public opinion which I met in Massachusetts, there can be not the slightest doubt about it, that his Excellency, the high-minded Governor of Massachusetts, when he wrote his memorable address to the Legislature—the Joint Committee of the Legislative Assembly, after a careful and candid consideration of the subject, not only concurring in the views of the Executive government, but elucidating them in a report, the irrefutable logic and elevated statesmanship of which will forever endear the name of Hazewell to oppressed nations, and the Senate of Massachusetts, adopting the resolutions proposed by the Legislative Committee, in respect to the question of national intervention; I say the spontaneous manifestations of public opinion leave not the slightest doubt that all these Executive and Legislative proceedings, not only met the full approbation of the people of Massachusetts, but were in fact nothing else but the solemn interpretation of the public opinion of the people of Massachusetts. A spontaneous outburst of popular sentiment tells often more in a single word than all the skill of elaborate eloquence could. I have met that word. "*We worship not the man, but we worship the principle,*" shouted out a man in Worcester, amidst the thundering cheers of a countless multitude. It was a word like those words of flame, spoken in Faneuil Hall, out of which liberty in America was born. That word is a revelation that the spirit of eternal truth and of present exigencies moves through the people's heart—that word is teeming with the destinies of America.

Would to God that in the leading quarters, small party considerations should never prevent the due appreciation of the people's instinctive sagacity. It is with joyful consolation, and with heartfelt gratitude I own, that of that fear I am forever relieved in respect to Massachusetts. Once more I have met the revelation of the truth that the people of Massachusetts worship principles. I have met it on the front of your Capitol, in those words raised to the consolation of the oppressed world, by the constitutional authorities of Massachusetts to the high Heaven upon an arch triumphant—"*Remember! that there is a community in Mankind's destiny.*"

I cannot express the emotion I felt when standing on the steps of your Capitol, these words above my head, the people of Massachusetts tendered to me its hand in the person of its Chief Magistrate. The emotion which thrilled through my heart was something like that Lazarus must have felt when the Saviour spoke to him, "*Rise*," and when I looked up with a tender tear of heartfelt gratitude in my eyes, I saw the motto of Massachusetts all along the Capitol, "*We seek with the sword the mild quietness of liberty.*"

You have proved this motto not to be an empty word. The heroic truth of it is recorded in the annals of Faneuil Hall—it is recorded on Bunker Hill—recorded in the Declaration of Independence.

Having read that motto, coupled with the acknowledgement of the principle, that there is a community in the destinies of all humanity, I know what answer I have to take to those millions who look with profound anxiety to America

Gentlemen, the Mahommedans say that the city of Bokhara receives not light from without, but is lustrous with its own light. I don't know much about Bokhara, but so much I know, that Boston is the sun whence radiated the light of resistance against oppression, and from what it was my good fortune to experience in Boston, I have full reason to know that the sun which shone forth so high such a bright lustre in the days of oppression, has not lost its lustre by freedom and prosperity. Boston is the Metropolis of Massachusetts, and Massachusetts has given its vote. It has given it after having, with the penetrating sagacity of its intelligence, looked attentively into the subject, and fixed with calm consideration its judgement thereabout. After having had so much to speak, it was with infinite gratification I heard myself addressed in Brookfield, in Framingham, and several other places, with these words, "We know your country's history — we agree with your principles — we want no speech — just let us bear your voice, and then go on—we trust and wish you may have other things to do than speak."

Thus having neither to tell my country's tale—because it is known—nor having to argue about principles—because they are agreed with—I am in the happy condition to be able to restrain myself to a few desultory remarks about the nature of the difficulties I have to contend with in other quarters, that the people of Massachusetts may see upon what ground those stand who are following a direction contrary to the distinctly pronounced opinion of Massachusetts, in relation to the cause I plead.

Give me leave to mention, that having had an opportunity to converse with leading men of the great political parties, which are on the eve of an animated contest for the Presidency—would it had been possible [illegible] either before [illegible] interest will be decided. I came [illegible] and hour—I avail myself of that opportunity, [illegible] in the other party [illegible] Sensibly and deeply developing [illegible] weighed in the scale of foreign policy. It is evident, things are coming to the point where they have been as ancient Rome, when old Cato never spoke privately or publicly about whatever topic, without closing his speech with these words: "*However, my opinion is, that Carthage must be destroyed*"—thus advertising his opinion that there was one question, overruling in importance all other questions, [illegible].

Such, in my opinion, is the condition of the world now. Carthage and Rome had not on earth together. Republican America and all overwhelming Russian Absolutism cannot longer subsist together on earth. [illegible] American passive: there is an immense danger in the fact;—like the avalanche [illegible] which the noise of a bird's wing may [illegible] thrust down with irresistible force, growing every moment. I cannot but believe [illegible] highly time to do as old Cato did, and [illegible] every speech with these words: "[illegible] *not permitted* [illegible]."

I could not forbear to make these remarks, and the answer I got was — "That is all true, and all over, but after all, the party must come into power, and you know there are so many considerations — [illegible] want to be managed, and even prejudice started and so forth."

And it is true; but it is sorrowful that it is true. That reminds me of what in Schiller's Maria Stuart, Mortimer says to Lord Leicester, the all mighty favorite of Elizabeth, "*Oh Lord, what little steps has such a great Lord to make in Court.*" There is the first obstacle I have to meet with. That consolation at least I have, that the chief difficulty I have to contend with is neither lasting, nor an argument against the justice of my cause, or against the righteousness of my principles. Just as the calumnies by which I am assailed can but harm my own self, but cannot impair the justice of my country's cause, or weaken the propriety of my principles — so that difficulty being just a difficulty and no argument cannot change the public opinion of the people, which always agrees more about principles than about wire-pulling.

The second difficulty I have to contend with, is rather curious. Many a man has told me that if I had only not fallen into the hands of abolitionists and Free Soilers, they would have supported me, and had I landed somewhere in the South, instead of at New York, I would have met different things from that quarter; but being supported by the Free Soilers, of course I must be opposed to the South on the other side. I received a letter, from which I beg leave to quote a few lines:

"You are silent on the subject of slavery. Surrounded as you have been by slaveholders ever since you put your foot on English soil, if not during your whole voyage from Constantinople; and ever since you have been in this country surrounded by them, whose threats, promises, and flattery made the stoutest hearts succumb, your position has put me in mind of a scene described by the apostle of Jesus Christ, when the devil took him up into a high mountain," etc., etc.

Now gentlemen, thus being charged from one side with being in the hands abolitionists, and from the other side with being in the hands of the slaveholders, I indeed am at a loss what course to take, if those very contradictory charges were not giving me the satisfaction to feel that I stand just where it is my duty to stand—on a truly *American* ground.

I must beg leave to say a few words in that respect, the more because I could not escape vehement attacks for not committing myself even in that respect, with whatever interior party question. I claim the right for my people to regulate its domestic concerns. I claim this as a law of nations, common to all humanity, and because common to all, I claim to see them protected by the United States, not only because they have the power on earth, which they would not be, if the law of nations can be changed, and the general condition of the world altered without their vote. Now that being my position and my cause, it would be the most absurd inconsistency if I would offend that principle which I claim and which I advocate.

And oh, my God, have I not enough sorrow and cares to bear upon these poor shoulders?—Is it not astonishing, that the moral power of duties, and the iron will of my heart, sustains yet this shattered frame?—that I am desired yet to take up additional cares? If the cause be just, if it is worthy of your sympathy, and at the same time consistent with the impartial considerations of your own moral and material interests, which a patriot should never disregard, not even out of philanthropy, then why not weigh that cause with the scale of its own value, and not with a foreign one? Have I not enough difficulties to contend with, that I am desired to increase them yet with my own hands? Father Mathew goes on preaching temperance, and he may be opposed or supported on his own ground; but whoever imagined opposition to him, because at the same time he takes not into his hands to preach fortitude or charity? And, indeed, to oppose or to abandon the cause I plead, only because I mix not with the agitation of an interior question, is a greater injustice yet, because to discuss the question of foreign policy I have a right. My nation is an object of that policy; we are interested in it! but to mix with interior party movements I have no right, not being a citizen of the United States.

The third difficulty which I meet, so far as I am told is the opposition of the commercial interest. I have the agreeable duty to say that this opposition, or indifference, is only partial. I have met several testimonials of the most generous sympathy, from gentlemen of commerce. But it upon the whole it should be really true that there is more coolness, or even opposition in that quarter than in others, then I may say that there is an entire misapprehension of the true commercial interest in it. I could say that it would be strange to see commerce, and chiefly the commerce of a republic, indifferent to the spread of liberal institutions. That would be a sad experience, teeming with incalculable misfortunes reserved to the 19th century. Until now, history has recorded that "commerce has been the most powerful locomotive of principles, and the most fruitful ally of civilization, intelligence and of liberty." It was merchants whose names are shinnig with immortal lustre from the most glorious pages of the golden book of Venice, Genoa, &c. Commerce, Republican Commerce raised single cities to the position of mighty powers on earth, and maintained them in that proud position for centuries, and surely it was neither indifference nor opposition to republican principles by which they have thus ennobled the history of commerce and of humanity. I know full well that since the treasures of commerce took their way into the coffers of despotism, in the shape of eternal loans, and capital began to speculate upon the oppression of nations, a great change has occurred in that respect.

But thanks to God, the commerce of America is not engaged in that direction, hated by millions, cursed by humanity. Here commerce is still what it was in former times — the beneficent instrumentality of making mankind partake of all the fruits and comforts of the earth, and of human industry; here it is no paper speculation upon the changes of despotism; and therefore, if the commercial interests of republican America are considered with that farsighted sagacity, without which there is no future and no security in them, I feel entirely sure that no particular interest can be more anxious to see absolutism checked, and freedom and Democratic institutions developed in Europe, than the commerce of republican America. It is no question of more or less profit—it is a question of life and death to it.—Commerce is the heel of Achilles, the vulnerable point of America. Thither will, thither must be aimed the first blow of victorious absolutism; the instinct of self-preservation would lead absolutism to strike that blow, if its hatred and indignation would not lead to it. Air is not more indispensable to life, than freedom and constitutional government in Europe to the commerce of America.

Though many things which I have seen, have taken calm reflection, induced me to raise an humble word of warning against materialism, still I believe there were more patriotic solicitude than [illegible] in the days that Washington and John Adams, [illegible] head of the war department [illegible] a predominating materialism [illegible] threatened the [illegible] of America. I [illegible] that complaint would, even to-day [illegible] your [illegible] still if there be any [illegible] for the [illegible] of your purest and best patriots; if the commerce of America would know, indeed, no better guiding star than only the [illegible] profit of a cargo just floating over the Atlantic, I would be [illegible] then at a loss how else to account for the indifference of the commerce of America in the cause of Hungary and liberty, than by assuming that it is believed the present degraded condition of Europe may endure, if only the popular agitations are [illegible] of material means to disturb that which is [illegible] called tranquility.

But such a supposition would indeed be the most obnoxious, the most dangerous fallacy.—As the old philosopher [illegible] how he could prove the existence of God, answered, "by opening two eyes," just so nothing is necessary but to open the eyes in order that men of the most ordinary common sense must become aware that the present condition of Europe is too unnatural, too contrary to the vital interests of the countless millions to endure even for a short time. A crisis is inevitable; no individual influence can check it, no indifference or opposition can prevent it. Even men like myself, concentrating the expectations and confidence of oppressed millions in themselves, have just so much power, that if provided with the requisite means to keep the current in a sound direction, that in its inevitable eruption, it may not become dangerous to social order, indispensable to the security of persons and property, without which, especially no commerce has any future at all. And that being the unsophisticated condition of the world, and a crisis being inevitable, I indeed cannot imagine how those who desire nothing but peace and tranquility, can withhold their helping hands, that the inevitable crisis should not only be kept in a sound direction, but also carried down to a happy issue, capable to prevent the world from boiling continually like a volcano, and insuring a lasting peace and a lasting tranquility—never possible so long as the great majority of nations are oppressed; but sure so soon as the nations are content — and content they never can only be when they are free.

Indeed, if reasonable logic has not yet forsaken the world, it is the men of peace, it is the men of commerce, to the support of whom I have a right first to look. Others may support my cause out of generosity — these must support me out of considerate interests; others may oppose me out of egotism; American commerce, in opposing me, would commit suicide.

Gentlemen—Of such narrow nature are the considerations which oppose my cause. Of equally narrow inconsistent scope are all the rest, with the enumeration of which I will not abuse your kind indulgence. Compare with them the broad basis of lofty principles, upon which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts took its stand in bestowing the important benefit of its support to my cause; and you cannot forbear to feel proudly that the spirit of old Massachusetts is still alive, entitled to claim weight in the councils of the United Republic, which it had in the glorious days when amidst dangers, waving resolutions and partial despondency, Massachusetts took boldly the lead to freedom and independence.

Those men of immortal memory, who within those very walls, lighted with the heavenly spark of their inspiration, the torch of freedom in America, avowed for their object the welfare of mankind; and when you raised the monument of Bunker Hill, it was the genius of freedom thrilling through the heart of Massachusetts which made one of your distinguished orators say that the days of our ancient glory will continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time. It is upon this inspiration that I rely in the name of my downtrodden country—to-day the martyr of mankind, to-morrow the battle-field of its destiny.

Time draws nigh when either the influence of Americans must be felt throughout the world, or the position abandoned to which you rose with gigantic vitality out of the blood of your martyrs.

I have seen the genius of those glorious days spreading its fiery wings of inspiration over the people of Massachusetts. I feel the spirits of olden times moving through Faneuil Hall.—Let me cut short my stammered words; let me leave your hearts alone with the inspiration of history; let me bear with me the heart-strengthening conviction that I have seen Boston still a radiating sun, as it was of yore, but risen so high on mankind's sky, as to spread its warming rays of elevated patriotism far over the waves. American patriotism of to-day is philanthropy for the world.

Gentlemen, I trust in God, I trust in the destinies of humanity, and entrust the hopes of oppressed Europe to the consistent energy of Massachusetts.

DOUGHFACES DESPISED.

The following forcibly illustrates the contempt in which honorable southerners hold northern serviles, and also the character of northern education.

Whence South Carolina Fire-eating Editors Come.—We have frequently noticed the queer fact that the most violent fire-eaters of the South—witness John A. Quitman and Pierre Soule—come from, were born and educated in, sections, States or counties, in which slavery had no existence. Such gentlemen always have the fact of their place and birth spurring them on to out Herod Herod, out Rhett Rhett, and they do their work with a fierce zeal which seems to us exceedingly overdone — altogether too much for our appetite.

We knew this fact, and have heretofore noted it. We never, however, suspected that the fire-eating editors of South Carolina were imported articles—that the larger number of them came from the North they revile so bitterly, and that there like Elwood Fisher, the editor of the Washington Southern Press, they had spent the chief portion of their lives. But the Greenville (S. C.) Patriot, of the 28th ult., says that such are the facts and details the particulars as follows:

"But how great must be the astonishment of every one when he ascertains that some of these intensely Carolina editors are Yankees, Irishmen and Englishmen. One of the principal writers under the editorial head of the Charleston Mercury, that embodiment of Carolina secession, is a Yankee born and educated, and who came South to seek his fortune—Mr. Clapp. The next secession paper in South Carolina for prominence and ability is the Carolinian—edited by a *native* Carolinian, born in Ireland — who has taken a solemn oath of allegiance to the United States. Mr. Johnson is assisted in his editorial labors by a friend from the north — Mr. Cavis. There is another paper in Columbia, now edited we think by a Northern man with Southern principles! The Charleston Courier, which came out for disunion last fall, has always been owned in part by a Northern man.—There are others which we disdain to mention, who have aliens by birth conducing them, and who are for disunion *per se*.—*N. O. Paper.*

Anecdote of Kossuth.—A Committee from Roxbury, through Mr. Ellis, its chairman, waited on Kossuth inviting him to visit that place.

"In the course of Mr. Ellis's remarks he said to the Governor that the reminiscences of Roxbury presented nothing particularly interesting to him, except the fact that it was the home and scene of the labors of the Apostle Elliott, the interpreter of the Scriptures into the Indian language. 'Excuse me,' instantly replied Kossuth, 'if I mistake not, the brave Gen. Warren was born and lived in Roxbury.' This little incident operated like electricity on the Committee and those who were standing near."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Bloomfield street Church, Boston, Saturday morning. The Traveller says one hundred and thirty-eight delegates were present.

Portland Inquirer.

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1852

Flag of the Free!!

FOR PRESIDENT,

JOHN P. HALE,

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

SAMUEL LEWIS,

OF OHIO.

☞ POST MASTERS, Will confer a favor by informing us when the Inquirer is not taken out, by the person to whom it is addressed.—We have sent several copies of our paper three, four and six months and *then* received notice that the paper was "not taken out"—or "no such person in town," &c., &c.— which is not right. We will thank any Post Master who will inform us of any subscriber who does not pay his postage — for from such a subscriber, little can be expected by the publishers of a newspaper. We want none but *paying* subscribers.

☞ *All persons owing for the* Portland Inquirer, *are respectfully requested to pay up!*

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, April 28, 1852.

Having a strong desire to see and hear the really greatest of living men, and no other opportunity being likely to occur, I took the steamer St. Lawrence for this city. It is a strong, well-furnished boat with kind and polite officers, and carries you on for half the railroad fare without the loss of business time.—We commend this mode of travel to our readers, which they can have every night either way at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Tuesday was the Great Reception day, and great it was. Very rarely has Boston seen the like, notwithstanding the hunker power of the city was employed in efforts to repress public enthusiasm. The People poured out by tens of thousands to greet the great apostle of the People's Rights, which they did with a *will*, and to the no small chagrin of nabobdom in general.

The State House was most gorgeously ornamented. Three large triumphal arches were raised between the street and the Capitol bearing appropriate inscriptions, and lines were extended from the cupola and other points of the building to neighboring buildings and trees, on which were suspended the flags of different nations—the Hungarian always next to that of the United States—streamers, festoons and other embellishments. A great number of houses were also decorated. Along the upper brow of the State House was inscribed in great ornamented letters extending the whole length of the House—GOVERNOR KOSSUTH, WELCOME TO THE CAPITAL OF MASSACHUSETTS! At an early hour the military began to appear in their best regalia and with full ranks. The military pride and beauty of the State were there. I did not hear any estimate of their number, but suppose there were 2000; and as their burnished arms and equipage glistened especially in the evening sun while marching in review to their hero, the sight, with all its peculiar associations, was impressive and brilliant. But we get before our story. Kossuth arrived in Roxbury about 10 o'clock, where a long line of carriages with the State officers and others, and a company of lancers received him. And after passing through several streets of that town they were met on the line of the city in Washington street by the whole military column with glorious bands of music, and escorted through several streets of the city to the State House, the streets all the way thronged to the utmost with enthusiastic masses shouting with those in houses passed—"Hurrah"—"Welcome to Kossuth!!"

Arriving at the Capitol, the whole yard, the adjacent parts of the Common, the streets within hearing or seeing distance, surrounding houses and trees, were all crowded. The military forced its way along and he was received on the State House steps by the Governor, but the proceedings must be read to be known.—But such Hurrahs as were echoed by that countless mass to Kossuth, will gratify Austria as little as they did the Austrians of Boston.—After this presentation the whole column of troops with Kossuth and the thronging masses of the people moved on to the Revere House where he dined. In the afternoon he with the Governor and staff reviewed the military.—During this it was difficult to keep back the tens of thousands, who darkened the Common like swarming bees the hive; but as soon as it was over they rushed on with shouts of joy and welcome till the plumes of his escort alone told where the hero was. He gracefully acknowledged their congratulations as best he could, and after a little time the crowd began to give way and he passed off the field.

It was a delightful day, and a glorious outburst of popular enthusiasm towards a hero of liberty, and towards a character of manly, noble virtues such as this age cannot equal. On such an occasion, so inwrought with moral greatness and excellence, it does society good—it is health—life, to become enthusiastic. The spirit of New England has been truly expressed and honored, Austrianism at home and abroad rebuked, and a striking contrast effected between the spirit of a free and a slave people, where, as in southern cities, not a dozen men were found to distinguish America from Russia. It is to be regretted that Portland backed out of its invitation to the Hungarian Washington to visit it.

Wednesday, Kossuth visits the Legislature, receives calls, deputations, &c., and on Thursday evening makes his great speech in Faneuil Hall. I am determined to hear him if possible.

A. W.

Boston, April 30, 1852.

At an early hour last night the crowd began to pour into Faneuil Hall, and long before the time 4000 persons were there at $1 each, completely filling it above and below. It was a glorious sight. The old spirit of the place seemed to return, inspiring again the living hearts of the people with the spirit of liberty, and almost reanimating the portraits of Washington, Adams and Warren as they looked down and smiled. The associations of our early history mingled with the wailings of murdered Hungary, while waiting to hear the pleadings of her noble son.

Myron Lawrence Esq., being called gave utterance eloquently to the emotions of all hearts. He said they were to listen to the noble Hungarian, the most remarkable man of this or any other age — the martyr of liberty. The fire

kindled in the forests of Plymouth had lighted the western continent and was reaching the eastern. Tyrants had combined to put out the light but it could not be done. He had indulged the suspicion that Kossuth was a humbug, but he had seen the man—heard him—watched every word as it fell—seen the tear of sorrow fall for his bleeding country, and was satisfied. No more honest man lived, his principles were right, his requests just, and he wished for him abundant success. Hearty cheers.

At a little past 8 o'clock Gov. Boutwell with Kossuth and suite entered, and the old Cradle rocked with such cheers as have not been heard there since the revolution. The eloquent, statesman-like speech of Gov. Boutwell was highly applauded, but the storm was reserved for Kossuth as he stepped upon the platform. His speech was one of the finest specimens of the power and beauty of the language, read in a firm, calm, distinct manner, with scarcely an attempt at oratory or eloquence except what was inherent in the greatness of his glowing thoughts and burning words, made irresistible by the transparent honesty and strong emotions of a great heart. We do not believe he is equaled as an orator among living men.

Kossuth is of middle stature, with room enough for his brains and heart, but otherwise rather spare. He is about 50 years of age, with marks of care and sorrow quite obvious. His articulation is foreign, but perfectly intelligible to English hearers. In speaking he stands erect but gracefully, his motions few, his style simple, unimpassioned, but sincere. His great thoughts come glowing from head and heart both, convincing, winning, inspiring, with amazing skill and power. We can imagine how in his own language and country he aroused a slumbering nation to almost superhuman deeds of heroism.

He wears a dress sword with its belt and braces of gold cord, which was presented to him in New York. His dress is a blue-black velvet frock coat, with dark military ornaments and buttons all in plain style. His hat is a common "Kossuth hat," with a fine black plume hanging gracefully over the crown. Like all Hungarians he shaves but slightly. The graceful modesty with which he receives the shouts of applause cannot well be exceeded. His wife wore a plain dark dress as if in mourning for her country. Upon her noble countenance too affliction had left its marks, but it has not effaced the evidence of retiring modesty and good sense. "We ne'er shall see their like again."

The Banquet of this evening in Faneuil Hall I would gladly attend, but cannot. The tickets at $2 00 each (nearly 1,000) are all sold, and cannot be bought for $5 00. A. W.

THIS WEEK. KOSSUTH.

It will be seen that we give up much of the paper this week to the reception and speeches of the great Hungarian in Boston. We could not do otherwise and be faithful to liberty or satisfy our readers. His whole mission, theme and impulse is Liberty—universal LIBERTY, and how can congenial hearts withhold a cordial welcome and sympathy? How can a hater of despotism be silent at the approach of its heroic, exiled victim? An American worthy of the name cannot. Read his speech, drink in its exalting principles and spirit, grow strong in the World's Conflict with tyranny. We shall publish more of his speeches in Mass. as fast as possible.

☞ It is proposed to make one of the Tracts, to accompany Mr. Giddings's speech, of extracts from Kossuth's speeches. So send on the orders.

Pinhook's Pictorial Battle Axe.—We have been shown the proof sheet of this paper. It is full of "picters" and spice, and will cut its way into the tender sympathies of some of our good and respectable rumsellers, to say nothing of their supporters and defenders of the present day. It will be out in a few days, and then you will have an opportunity to see for yourselves. The price is three cents each and is worth double the money.

☞ Hon. Charles Andrews, Representative from the 4th district, had been sick nearly all winter, but lately returned home and died last week. It was doubted whether he would survive a residence in Washington.

☞ If the vacancy in the 4th district is to be filled for the present session, notice will soon be given by the Governor. The old district elects.

☞ *Review of Mr. Lovejoy's Lecture on the Maine Law.* By Harrison Fairfield, Brown's Corner, Vassalboro', Me. This is a very good article, and exhibits many of the absurdities of that most importunate discourse very well.

☞ Kossuth made a splendid speech on Bunker Hill. He goes to Lowell, Manchester, N. H., Concord, Mass., Fall River, and we *hope* to Portland; after which he will go to Albany and Buffalo.

☞ Bangor people are moving for a Railroad to Waterville.

☞ Our readers in the different and remote parts of the State will confer a public benefit by informing us how the grass and winter wheat appear now the snow has at last uncovered them. Please write a few lines.

☞ Our readers will soon have the doings of the Legislature in full.

KOSSUTH IN MAINE.

The question is every where asked, "Is Kossuth coming to Maine?" We cannot tell. If there is spirit enough at any prominent points he will be pleased to come. We believe he has been invited to Bangor, and at least one branch of the City Government here some time since passed an order of that purport and we hope it will yet be carried into effect. The people of Maine sympathize with him and would rejoice to manifest it, and show their abhorence of Austrian oppression. Should he hereafter be offered up as its victim, or should he triumphantly lead his country and Europe to freedom, we and our children will regret that when at our door we refused to invite him to enter.—Honoring him is affording courage and strength to the cause of free principles in oppressed Europe. To refuse is to gratify those relentless tyrants. Shall we do it? He will go to New Hampshire and all the other New England States; is Maine willing to stand by the side of South Carolina? The visit would do us and our children good. We hope the door will be opened. Portland cannot creditably refuse.

☞ We call particular attention to the large list of Advertisements in this paper. Men concerned in the various departments of business named will find it for their advantage to consult the houses referred to.

Many of them are well known to be of the first respectability. If intending to trade, take these cards with you on going to Boston and see what they have to say at their own counters.

From the Portland Inquirer.

THE LAW SUSTAINED IN YARMOUTH.

I have but a few moments, to give you the result of our town meeting which come off last Monday. It is gratifying to say that the Maine Law carried the day very decidedly, as it turned on that question

Selectmen—Thaxter Prince, Jeremiah Brown, and John Young.

Town Clerk.—S. W. Blanchard.

These town elections cannot always be taken as correct expressions for or against the Liquor Law. Local questions will come in to a greater or less extent, which will govern the votes of many men. They are not wise in this matter, they do not seem to feel the importance of every vote being cast in *favor* of the *law*, as to their enemies of every vote against it. The opposers of the law will not be distracted by other matters. They are not likely to take the wrong scent. The question is with them, *rum*, and on the smell of this track will they follow.

And why will not the friends of the law be as consistent? Why not sustain the law, Temperance, and all the good that would naturally follow in their wake? I am sorry to say that quite too many temperance men were willing to vote and act the wrong way on the day of our election.—Notwithstanding the victory is ours. Yarmouth is redeemed! C.

Yarmouth, April 30, 1852.

Liquor Law in Massachusetts.—In the Senate, on Friday, the Committee of Conference on the Liquor Law reported through Mr. Wood, the Chairman, a series of amendments, the most important of which are re-inserting the clause referring the bill to the people, and fixing the time of voting on the question on the third day of June. An amendment in the sixth line of the 20th section provides that the vote shall be by the open, and not the secret ballot.

Mr. Knowlton moved to recommit the bill to the Committee of Conference, with instructions to report that the vote on the bill shall be taken by the secret ballot. This motion was ruled out of order.

A motion of Mr. Warren to lay the whole subject on the table, and print the amendments, was adopted, 17 to 9, and the Senate then adjourned.

It is confidently believed by the friends of the bill that it will be passed.

The *Congregationalist* (Dr. E. Beecher) thus very properly remarks on the opposition to Kossuth, hitting the "neutral" *Traveller* and other "heartless" things just right. If the people of Maine too *knew* Kossuth they would welcome him by tens of thousands.

GOV. KOSSUTH IN BOSTON.

As we write, the distant burst of martial melody, swelling above the tumult of the street, announces that now at last, the modern apostle of freedom is approaching the heart of the city which moved first in our own great struggle for human rights.

He is welcomed with generous enthusiasm, and cheered by admiring crowds, yet his reception is feeble compared with what it would be, if the people of Massachusetts and the citizens of Boston knew thoroughly who it is they are greeting to-day. The malignant untruths of the most unscrupulous of the party press; and the heartless and cynical indifference of many of those who are "neutral," whose eyes have ever been keen to see, and whose scissors sharp to select every petty, and silly misrepresentation of the Hungarian and his motives and movements which have defiled the columns of their exchanges; the natural reluctance of many to countenance, except on the evidence of *unanimous* public sentiment, our American theory of lionizing foreigners; the desire of not a few to exhibit that cheapest evidence of superior wisdom which consists in doubting what many people believe; these influences, added to the general past experience unacquaintance of Americans with the minutiæ of Hungarian affairs, and their habit of thinking poorly of the present European capacity for genuine freedom, and aided by the not unnatural distrust of the South of a man whose principles if carried out in America as they gloriously were in his native land would break every fetter and free every slave, and the secret distrust and dislike entertained by the Roman Catholic Church, its adherents, and (by consequence) by those political gentlemen who desire their votes, toward the man who in his own person, and in the cause which he represents, is not only the most fearful, but almost the only important foe in the way of their success in driving Protestantism out of Southern and Eastern Europe; these influences, we repeat, have succeeded in mystifying the public mind and preventing multitudes of excellent and Christian people from extending to Louis Kossuth their sympathy and their prayers. Did they but know him, did they but know who he is and what he has done, and precisely, and without misrepresentation, what it is which he is endeavoring to do—and what vast and varied interests God seems to have Providentially hinged upon his success, they would give him not only the cheering benison of loud-spoken huzzas, but of helping hands and warmly throbbing hearts.

God bless him, and guide him, and guard him, and work his own mighty work through him yet, to the confusion of all tyrants temporal and spiritual, and to the special overthrow of so much of the Pope of Rome and the Emperor of Austria as may be necessary for that end. This is our prayer.

THE KOSSUTH BANQUET.

There was a very full assemblage last evening at the banquet in Faneuil Hall, given in honor of Gov. Kossuth. Nearly a thousand gentlemen were seated at the tables, and in the galleries many of the fairer sex were present to listen to the eloquence of the occasion. The forms of a public meeting were followed, and Col. Scheuler having called the meeting to order, Mr. Wilson, the President of the Senate of the Commonwealth, and chairman of the Kossuth reception committee, was chosen to preside, and other officers were appointed.

Mr. President Wilson at last addressed the meeting in some brief and appropriate remarks and a series of regular toasts was offered. In reply to that to the President of the United States, Mr. I. H. Wright, Navy Agent of the port, made a short speech.

The Governor of the Commonwealth, himself, replied to the toast to Massachusetts, and Mayor Seaver responded to that given in honor of this city. A remark from the Mayor called up the venerable Josiah Quincy, his predecessor in the civic chair, who made a most characteristic and interesting address.

Gov. Kossuth, the guest of the evening, followed and spoke for more than two hours. He was listened to with attention and pleasure.

He was followed by Count Pulzsky, who was introduced by Mr. Wilson.

Among the regular toasts was one to the press of the State, to which Col. Scheuler, of the Atlas, responded.

He was followed by Mr. Elizur Wright, of the Commonwealth.

At a quarter past 12 this morning, the assemblage showed no signs of an intention to disperse.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Atlas says: "Loud and enthusiastic cheers were given as Kossuth and suite left the hall, which was shortly after midnight."

A raft was floated down the Ohio river, a few days since, which contained one million two hundred thousand feet of boards, was thirty rods in length and six rods wide.

MORE BLOOD!

Columbus, Pa., April 25, 1852.

An officer named Ridgely, and another named Snyder, the latter from Harrisburg, arrested a negro named Smith, this morning, and while in their custody he was shot. There is great excitement here about it. Smith was supposed to be a slave, though living here a number of years. A number of blacks were present when it happened.

Detroit, April 29. 1852.

The Michigan Democratic Convention adopted a series of resolutions, indorsing the platform of 1840–48, dodging the Compromise measures, and instructing the Delegates to the Baltimore Convention to use all honorable means to secure the nomination of Lewis Cass.

Raleigh, N. C. April 29. 1852.

Quite a severe shock of an earthquake was felt here to-day at 12 3-4 o'clock. Its duration was about half a minute, and it was sufficiently violent to open doors, windows and crockery in a state of active vibration.

Sober Second Thought.—It is a pleasant [illegible] that the people of New England are now doing for Kossuth, springs from their cool deliberation and prudent judgment, for we are continually assured by the most respectable presses that there is no "enthusiasm."—*Commonwealth.*

Southern Tyranny.—Manuel Pereira, a colored Portuguese sailor, attached to steward on an English brig, which was recently driven into Charleston by stress of weather, having been arrested and committed to jail, Mr. Matthew, the British Consul at that port, has applied to Judge Withers, through his counsel, Mr. Petigru, for a writ of habeas corpus. The Judge refused to grant the writ, and notice of appeal has been given. The issue, therefore, has been legally raised, and there is every probability that it will ultimately be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States for final adjudication

Mr. Clay has telegraphed to his son to come on to him on account of his continued feebleness. His two sons, one living in Kentucky and one in St. Louis

Later accounts say he is rapidly declining and cannot continue long.

The Hon. John Young, formerly Governor of New York, died at his residence in this city on Friday, the 23ult., of consumption. He was in the fiftieth year of his age.

The total debt of the corporation of New Orleans, as it now exists under the consolidation law, is $7,771,808. Of this amount $234,000 are past due, whilst nearly $500,000 are due as interest.

☞ The Mexican Government has finally rejected the Tehuantepec treaty.

An Inhuman Wretch.—The New Orleans Picayune states that Captain McGowan of the steamship Philadelphia, sent word to his agents in that city from the Balize that he had found a slave concealed on board his vessel, and had arrested him and sent him back to his owners. Having achieved this noble act he proceeded to sea, with the consciousness, doubtless, that he was a second Apostle Paul.

The workmen on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, commenced laying the rails on the road from Berlin Falls on Saturday. It is expected they will have them down to Northumberland by the latter part of next month—making a distance of about one hundred and twenty-two miles.

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The Grand Jury of Wayne Co., Michigan, has made a presentment in which it declares that since the abolition of Capital punishment in the State, the crimes of murder and manslaughter have increased alarmingly.

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question."—"Well, my son." "Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit dollar?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

New York, May 2d.—The steamship Crescent City, Captain Wardle, arrived here this morning, with San Francisco dates of April 5th and California mails. She brings two millions of dollars on freight and six hundred thousand in the hands of passengers, being a larger amount of treasure than has been brought in by any previous steamer. She brings also five hundred passengers. The Crescent City left Aspinwall on the 24th of April. The passengers, specie and mails were brought to Panama by the steamer Golden Gate, and thence over the road, via Buena Vista. Passengers by this route can avoid the disagreeable passage up the river, and by leaving Aspinwall in the morning can reach Gorgona the same day at dinner time.

There is no political news of interest in the San Francisco papers.

Gov Bigler has sent a message to the Legislature recommending an appropriation of a sum of money for the relief of overland emigrants from the States.

The Mexican Boundary Commissioners left in the Golden Gate, intending to cross the plains at Gila and Rio Grande for the purpose of completing their work.

Intelligence from the mines is cheering. The late abundant rains have left a rich harvest for the diggers.

Dates from Honolulu are to the 17th March. The papers are filled with accounts of the grand eruption of Mauna Loa Mountain, on the Island of Maui. At the last dates from there the quantity of lava thrown up had not ceased. The altitude of the eruption was 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and a jet of burning lava was estimated to be 500 feet high. A large number of people had gone from Honolulu to witness the scene.

THE QUAKER FRIENDS OF MICHIGAN.

At the Michigan Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Livonia, the 4th and 6th of 10th month, 1851, the following article was directed to be published as an expression of its views on the Fugitive Slave Law:—

Convened together in our annual assembly, a sense of duty to our Creator, and sympathy with the oppressed, impel us to express our opinions on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law. We deem it a law which tramples on all the better feelings of our nature, disregards the principles of right and justice, and places the enactments of men over the infinitely higher and more perfect laws of God.

While we regard this law as violating every principle of the Christian religion, every precept of Jesus—while it tramples on the most sacred rights of humanity—we deem it, at the same time, in contradiction to some of the plainest principles of the national compact—in opposition to the general spirit of the government under which we live. With these views and convictions, we feel impelled to call upon all true Christians and philanthropists every where, to labor in season and out of season, for the repeal of this famous enactment, or to create such a state of public opinion, that none shall be found so base, so fallen, as to assist in putting in force its cruel and oppressive provisions, and thus aid in consigning to hopeless bondage those who are guilty of no crime.

Signed by the direction of the meeting.

THOMAS CHANDLER,
ANNA MORTIMER, } Clerks.

The Greatest Bore in London.—When Sir William Curtis returned from his voyage to Italy and Spain he called to pay his respects to Mr. Canning, at Gloucester Lodge. Among other questions, Sir William said: "But, pray, Mr. Canning, what do you say to the tunnel under the Thames?" "Say," replied the secretary, "why, I say it will be the greatest *bore* London ever had, and that is saying a great deal."

Remedy for Burns.—Steep the bark of Sumach root, and boil it away until it is very strong. Then add hog's lard, and boil it until the water has all evaporated. A little of this applied to a burn will check the inflammation instantly. It has been known to cure dangerous scalds, when physician's remedies have failed.

MUNICIPAL COURT.

April 26. Peter Hillman, for drunkenness, fined $4 00, could not pay—committed.

26. Michael McDonald, for assault and battery, fined $5 55—paid.

26. Two eight demijohns and jugs of liquors seized at the Steamboat Wharf, by officer Clark was claimed by Mary Kelly, an Irish woman. The officer having leave to amend his return, Madam Kelley had leave to withdraw her plea—so the liquor is advertised for an owner.

28. Edward Carr, for larceny, was committed for trial at the District Court, June next.

29. James O'Neal, for selling liquors, fined $13 69, would not pay—committed.

29. John Mullen, for drunkenness, sent to the house of correction for forty days.

I AM often asked if the American Vermifuge will cure Children of Pin Worms—and people who have tried every remedy they can hear of—Vermifuges, and their Physicians' prescriptions—are 'oth to believe that this Vermifuge will do up the business right. Yet I can assure those who wish I know, that it will bring away Pin Worms, or any other Worms, that children are troubled with.

Be sure that you ask for American Vermifuge, and do not be interested dealers who buy other Vermifuges for half what this costs, palm you off with some other kind.

The AMERICAN VERMIFUGE is sold Wholesale and Retail by N. S. W. ATWELL, No. 4, under the U. S. Hotel, Portland.

COUNSEL FOR THE SICK.

Consumption is the fatal foe
Planned by death!
Then wait not, when each fearful symptom grows,
The wasting cough, the cold that mock repose,
The short, obstructed breath.
Now—while 'tis yet to-day—the doom avert,
A sovereign cure employ.
TAR, CANCHALAGUA AND LIVERWORT,
These are the elements that will convert
Your sorrow into joy.
In DR. ROGERS' Syrup, world renowned,
These curatives are blent;
At whose effect all, the effect has crowned,
With infinite content.

CAUTION.—None genuine, unless there is on the buff wrapper a steel engraving, signed with a pen, by A. L. SCOVILL & CO.

For sale, wholesale and retail by A. L. SCOVILLE & CO., Proprietors, at their principal Depot, GOTHIC HALL, No. 316 Broadway, New York, to whom all orders for the medicine, and letters relating to agencies, should be addressed, post paid.

Also, for sale in PORTLAND by H. H. HAY, 17 Market Square, and by JOSEPH R. HALL, LYNDON, Aroostook Co., Me. PRICE—In large bottles, $1.; or six bottles for $5. New York, Dec. 12, 1851.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 23d ult., by Rev. J. D. Peck, Mr. William H. Rand to Miss Sarah M. Marr, both of Portland.

In this city, 25th ult., by Lev. J. Pratt, Mr. Charles Bath of Boston, to Miss Ellen M. Fitzgerald of this city.

In Otisfield, 5d inst., by Johnson W. Knight, Esq., Mr. Franklin Sawyer of Raymond to Miss Mary P. Lombard of Otisfield.

In Brunswick, 29th ult., Enoch Littlefield Esq., of Auburn to Miss Nancy Hammond, of Brunswick.

In Auburn, 25th ult., by John B. Staples, of Carthage, to Miss Lois D. Parker, of Greene.

In this city, 25th inst., by Rev. A. Sanderson, Mr. Alonzo W. Jackson to Miss Martha A. Small, both of this city.

In Sanford, 23d ult., by Rev. A. Hole, Mr. Edwin D. Frost of Plainfield, N. H., to Miss Charlotte Fogst of S. daughter of the late Dea. John Frost.

In Saco, 21st ult., by Rev. Mr. Ashby, John H. Hillard Esq., of Oldtown, to Miss Anne M. daughter of David Hayes Esq.

In Cumberland, 10th ult., Mr. Horace Harris to Miss Mary E. Latham, both of C.

In Kennebunkport, 4th ult., Mr. George Smith to Miss Sarah Mitchell, both of K.; 7th, Capt. John F. Mason to Miss Jane L. Lord of Kennebunk.

In Bloomfield, 17th ult., Mr. Levi S. Varney to Miss Addy Smith, both of Rockland.

In Mt. Desert, 19th ult., Dr. J. W. Hinkles of East Boston, to Miss Nancy D. Wargatt of Mt Desert.

In Portsmouth 20th ult., Mr. Walter Eaton of Wells to Miss Susannah H. Chadbourne of Vassalboro'.

DEATHS.

In this city, 24th ult., of consumption, Mrs. Louisa, wife of Mr. Enoch Jones, aged 27.

In this city, 24th ult., Mr. John Tucker, aged 77.

In this city, 30th ult., of dropsy on the brain, Mr. John Meludo, aged 37.

In this city, 1st inst., Lydia, widow of the late Daniel Lockhart of Nova Scotia, aged 84.

In this city, 2d inst., Anna Louisa, daughter of John Pearson, aged 18 years. Loved in life and lamented in death.

In Bridgton, March 3d, Mr. Andrew Barker, aged 75 years. April 20th, Mrs. Hannah Kneeland, wife of Ebenezer H. Kneeland, aged 56 years.

In Canton, January 24, Mr. Thomas Bunnaford, aged 85 years.

In Joy, Dec. 12, 1851, Miss Mary Paine, aged 77.—Feb. 29th, Ellen Melinda, only child of George T. and Melinda Y. Davenport, aged 7 years. March 20th, Lydia, wife of Sylvester M. Hutchinson, and daughter of Mr. Israel Bean, aged 38. April 7th, Mr. Nathaniel Bean, aged 74 years.

In Saco, 29th ult., Mr. Edward Miliken, aged 65 years 7 months.

In Trenton, 17th ult., suddenly, Mrs. Elmira, wife of Paul Hopkins, of Bluehill, and daughter of Daniel and Eunice Haynes, aged 33 years.

In Saco, 26th ult., Edward, infant son of Capt. Ammi G. and Elizabeth Cutter.

In Pittsfield, 20th ult., Mrs. Urbane, wife of Joseph Patten Jr. aged 34.

In Calais, 10th ult., Edmond Monroe, son of George Downes, aged 15.

In Charleston, 20th ult., Miss Horriet Rhodes aged 17 formerly of this city.

In Providence, R. I., 22d ult., Frances Amelia, wife of Wm. F. Rathbone, and daughter of Silas Leonard Esq., of Augusta.

In San Francisco, in March, Mr. Clement Augustus Lord formerly of Kennebunk.

Markets, &c.

PORTLAND WEEKLY PRICE CURRENT.

Monday, May 3, 1852.

APPLES, Dried, per lb	[illegible]
Ashes, per lb	[illegible]
Pearl	[illegible]
Pot	5 1-4 a 5 1-2
BEANS, bush.	[illegible]
White	1 50 a 1 75
BUTTER, per lb	[illegible]
Family	[illegible]
Store	[illegible]
CANDLES, per lb	[illegible]
CHEESE, per lb	[illegible]
Hay, ton	[illegible]
DRUGS	[illegible]
HERRING	[illegible]
MACKEREL, per bbl.	[illegible]
FLOUR	[illegible]
GRAIN	[illegible]
GUNPOWDER	[illegible]
HAY	[illegible]
LARD, per lb	10 1 2 a 13
LIME, per cask	[illegible]
LUMBER	[illegible]
MOLASSES, per gallon	[illegible]
NAILS, per hundred	[illegible]
OIL	[illegible]
PLASTER PARIS	[illegible]
POTATOES, per bush.	[illegible]
PROVISIONS	[illegible]
RAISINS, box	[illegible]
SALT	[illegible]
SALERATUS	[illegible]
SEEDS, per bushel	[illegible]
SHOT	[illegible]
SUGAR	[illegible]
TALLOW, per lb	[illegible]
TEA, per lb	[illegible]
TOBACCO, per lb	[illegible]
WOOD	[illegible]

FISH—Large Cod scarce and in demand. Mackerel scarce and in demand at our advanced prices.

FLOUR—Demand fair a tour prices.

MOLASSES—The arrivals this week have been large but the quality generally is not good for the season.—Holders firm in their prices for sweet.

OIL—Whale has advanced in our present high rates.

SUGAR—We notice some sales of Havana Brown as in our market to go to Boston. Holders are more firm for good grades.

COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Portland, Saturday, May 1.

Butter, per lb, first quality,	18 a 22c
Beans, per bushel,	$1,50 a 1,75
Beef, by the quarter, per lb,	5 a 7
Cheese, per lb,	6 1-2 a 8 1-2
Eggs, per dozen,	a 12 1-2
Potatoes, per bushel	50 a 58
Apples, cooking, per bushel,	50 a 75
Apples, good eating,	100 a $1 25
Apples, per bbl,	2 50 a 3 00
Dried Apples,	6 a 8
Chickens,	12 a 14
Pork, round hogs,	8 a 8 1-2
Veal, carcass,	4 1-2 a 5 1-2

CAMBRIDGE CATTLE MARKET.

Wednesday, April 28.

At Market 819 Cattle—260 Beeves, and 259 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, Extra, $7 50 per cwt; first quality $7 00; second quality $6 50; third quality $5 50

HIDES—$4 00 a 4 50 per cwt.

TALLOW—$5 75 a 0 00.

VEAL CALVES—$3 a 8.

STORES—Working oxen, $97, 98, 100, 136.

COWS and CALVES—$25, 28, 31, 35, 36.

YEARLINGS—$9 a 15.

TWO YEARS OLD—$19, 22, 26, 32.

THREE YEARS OLD—$27, 36, 43, 75.

SHEEP and LAMBS—200 at market.

Prices.—Extra, $6, 8, 10. By lot $4, 4 45, 5 55.

Swine—10 at market—to order.

89 cars came over the Fitchburg Railroad, and 5 over the Boston and Lowel Railroad, loaded with Cattle, Sheep, Horses, and Poultry.

NUMBER FROM EACH STATE.

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Swine.	Horses.
Maine	31			
New Hampshire,	410			7
Vermont,	7	7?0		47
Massachusetts,	373	490		6
New York,			15?	
Canada,				
Total,	819	900	15?	60

BRIGHTON MARKET.

Thursday, April 29.

At Market, 550 beef cattle, 275 stores, 1275 Sheep, and 2900 swine.

Prices. Beef Cattle—We quote—Extra $6 50 a $7 75; 1st quality $7 a 7 25, 2d, $6 75 a 7; 3d, $5 75 a 6 50.

Working Oxen—Sales $75, 85, 95, 120, 135.

Cows and Calves—Sales $25, 28, 40.

Sheep—Sales $[illegible].

Swine—Sales [illegible] per lb for sows, 7 for barrows. York pigs 6 1-4 and 6 1-2, large hogs 5 1-2 and 6 1-2. At retail from 7 to 8.

RAILROADS.

Railroads depend for their existence on the press, and it would be both good policy and simple justice to reciprocate the obligation by a free ticket to editors in the State, or at least giving them their advertisement. This however is forgotten, and to accommodate our readers we insert gratis.

For Boston.—Leave Portland for Boston, at 8.30 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Leave Boston for Portland at 7 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.

The Trains leaving Portland at 8.30 a. m. and 4 p. m. connect at Lawrence with the Trains of the Lowell and Lawrence, Manchester and Lawrence, Rail Roads.

A Steamboat train will run every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 1-2 p. m. or on the arrival of the Governor from Bangor.

Fare—To Boston, $2,00

To Lowell, 2,00

ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC

Leave Waterville at 5 a. m. and 12 m.

Arrive at Portland at 8.30 a. m. and 3.45 p. m.

Leave Portland a 7.15 a. m. and 1.30 p. m.

Arrive in Waterville at 11 a. m. and 5.05 p. m.

Through Tickets sold at A. and St. L. R. R.

KENNEBEC & PORTLAND.

Leave Portland for Bath & Augusta at 7 a. m & 1 45 p. m.

" Augusta for Bath, Portland & [illegible] at 5.15 a. m, and 12.30 p. m.

" Bath for Portland & Boston at 6.10 a. m & 1.40 p. m.

" Bath for Augusta at 7.15 a. m & 1.40 p. m.

ATLANTIC & St. LAWRENCE.

Leave Portland for Gorham, N. H, at 7,15 a. m.

Leave Portland for South Paris at 7,15 a. m., and 1,30 p. m.

Leave Gorham for Portland at 10.45 a. m.

Leave South Paris for Portland at 6,15 a. m., and 1,15 p. m.

Leave Portland for the A. and K. Rail Road at 7,15 a. m. and 1,30 p. m.

YORK & CUMBERLAND.

Leave Gorham 6,15 and 9,00 a. m. and 2,30 and 5,00 p. m., arriving in Portland in time for the morning and evening trains east and west.

Leave Portland, 7,15 a. m., 12, 30, 4, and 6,30 p. m.

THE PORTLAND INQUIRER, IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT PORTLAND ME. 68 EXCHANGE ST.

WILLEY & THURSTON, PROPRIETORS.

Terms—$2,00 a year, or $1,75 in advance, or within 30 days invariably. Twenty-five cents will be added for every six months delay after the first year's credit.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at 3 cents a line for the first insertion, and 2 cents for every succeeding insertion; 18 lines to the square. The usual discount made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications are to be addressed to the EDITOR, Business Letters to the PUBLISHER, and both, post paid.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO. No. 10, State Street, Boston. AND V. B. PALMER, Tribune Buildings, New York, Are our sole agents in those cities for advertising and subscriptions

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN! OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

For sale by GEORGE LORD, Bookseller, 61 EXCHANGE STREET.

Portland, May 5, 1852. 4w.

To the Honorable Stephen Emery, Judge of the District Court for the Western District, to be holden at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the first Tuesday of March, 1852.

THOMAS WARREN and JABEZ C. WOODMAN, both of Portland, in said County, represent that they are seized in fee and as tenants in common with other persons to your petitioners unknown, of a certain lot of land in Portland on Munjoy Neck, numbered class fifth, according to the respective plan of said neck, recorded in the Cumberland Records, Book 39, Page 565, subject to the easement of the public, in a portion of the same, laid out as a street and another portion laid out for the promenade.

And the said Warren and Woodman allege that their share of the same land is equal to five eighteenths of the whole; and they pray that the same may be set off to them in severalty. March 1, 1852.

THOMAS WARREN,
JABEZ C. WOODMAN.

STATE OF MAINE.

CUMBERLAND, SS.

At the Western District Court begun and holden at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

UPON THE FOREGOING PETITION, Ordered, That the Petitioner give notice to all persons interested in the prayer thereof, to appear before the Judge of our Western District Court to be holden at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the third Tuesday of June next, by publishing an attested copy of said Petition and this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Inquirer, printed in Portland, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the sitting of said Court that they may then and there in our said Court show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest: C. C. HARMON, Clerk.

A true copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon. Attest: C. C. HARMON. Clerk

Clirehugh's Tricopherous.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

THOUSANDS have testified to the entire recovery of their hair, after having lost it at various periods of life. No matter how thin your hair, how coarse, dry or harsh the hair may be, it will be restored to a soft, glossy, healthy, and luxuriant crop, if the TRICOPHEROUS be regularly applied. Those who have been threatened with premature grey hair, have, by the Tricopherous, not only stopped its progress, but had their hair changed to its original color. Its composition differs entirely from every other article for a similar purpose, as it is not intended merely to moisten the hair, but is applicable to the skin, and to act through it on the nerves, bone vessels and absorbents, connected with the root or bulb of the hair. The preservative of the hair and the skin are thus guaranteed to all who will adhere to the advice of Mr. Clirehugh. The Tricopherous has been found a certain cure for all cutaneous diseases of the scalp, whether in children or adults. Scurf, Dandruff, and other excrescence thrown off by the skin, even in its most healthy state, disappear under the influence, leaving the skin clear, healthy and active.

It has proved to Indies an invaluable restorative, where the hair has fallen off, from the seams or divisions being over-strained or too tightly tied—where the hair has become weak from confinement, or from any other cause peculiar to the female constitution, its occasional use will preserve the hair to the last period of life.

The public are cautioned against a base and deleterious counterfeit, advertised and sold under the same name. Its only virtue is being sold at 25 cents.

Read CLIREHUGH'S "TREATISE ON THE HAIR," accompanying each bottle. Price 50 cts a bottle.

Principal office, 179 Broadway, where advice is given by Mr. Clirehugh on all diseases connected with the growth of the hair.

Wholesale and Retail Agent for the State of Maine, SAMUEL THURSTON, Apothecary, Nos. 398 and 400, Congress, junction of Free St., Portland. To whom all Orders should be addressed. The Trade supplied on liberal terms.

Sold also by H. H. HAY, Portland. 3w

TO PRINTERS.

JUST RECEIVED, a prime lot of Printer's INK, in cans, from one to twenty-five pounds each.

Prices, 25 cts. to $2. per pound,

Also, on hand for sale, Colored Inks, Varnish, Bronzes, Enameled and Porcelain CARDS, Leads, Job Cuts, &c. &c.

All low for CASH.

B. THURSTON.

L. PARKER, MANUFACTURER OF *Monuments, Grave Stones,* AND EVERY VARIETY OF MARBLE AND STONE WORK.

No. 128 Exchange Street, Between Middle and Federal streets. PORTLAND.

Work done in the best style, and prices reasonable. Orders solicited.

Portland, April 8, 1852. 3m

J. F. C. HAYES. Agent for Morrill's Superior Printing Ink.

[illegible] This [illegible] the Best and Cheapest [illegible]. Warranted in all cases. Also, keeps constantly for sale, Card Stock, Cards, Letter, Cap, Bill and Fancy Paper, of all qualities and colors, at Boston Prices. Orders addressed to J. F. C. Hayes, Lawrence, Mass., promptly attended to. March [illegible] 3m

NOAH HANSON, DEALER IN PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, W. I. Goods, Country Produce, &c. OF THE BEST QUALITY. No. 296 Congress Street, PORTLAND, MAINE.

December 18, 1851—tf.

HATS, CAPS, FURS, FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

THE subscribers have this day formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYES & COVELL, and will continue to occupy their old stand No. 7 Market Square, opposite United States Hotel, which has recently been entirely remodeled and refitted, and are now prepared to furnish the trade and the public generally with

HATS AND CAPS,

of their own manufacture, of the latest and most approved styles.

Customers may be assured that they will at all times keep a good assortment of Goods of all kinds, that are usually kept in their line of trade,—all of which they will sell on as good terms and as low as can be obtained elsewhere.

John G. Hayes,
Stanley Covell. HAYES & COVELL.

1y Portland, Oct. 23, 1851.

SEASONABLE GOODS.

RECEIVED BY JOHNSON HALL & CO. FROM NEW YORK, A LARGE STOCK OF SEASONABLE DRY GOODS, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, BEST QUALITIES, AND OF THE LATEST STYLES.

No. 3, Greenough Block, Portland.

THEIR STOCK HAVING BEEN PURCHASED for Cash, they will offer to the citizens of Portland and vicinity either at wholesale or retail, at GREAT BARGAINS.

It is useless to enumerate articles, or to make prices known through the papers, for this establishment is well known, having kept the LARGEST and BEST Stock, and selling it the CHEAPEST of any concern in this vicinity. They will continue so to do, therefore nothing more need be said, but call at the

ONE PRICE STORE, No. 3, Greenough Block, and judge for yourselves.

Portland, 1852. tf—42

LUTHER AND HIS ADHERENTS.

The Proprietors of Sartain's Magazine having purchased the large and handsome steel plate, carefully engraved in line and mezzotint, from the celebrated design by George Cattermole, representing

THE FIRST REFORMERS

Presenting the Famous Protest at the Diet of Spires, in 1529 now offer it in connexion with their Magazine on terms unprecedentedly low.

This magnificent composition contains nearly one hundred figures, and includes authentic portraits of the most prominent men connected with that important event—The work, exclusive of margin, measures 21 inches by 17, and the print has never been retailed at a price less than $3 per copy. Each impression is accompanied by an interesting pictorial key of reference, describing the scene, the characters, the history which led to the event, and the principles contended for.

In connexion with Sartain's Magazine both works will be furnished on the following liberal terms, which are invariably in advance:—

One Copy of the Magazine, and one of the Print, $3

Two Copies of the Magazine, and two of the Prints $5.

Five Copies of the Magazine, and five of the Print together with one copy of both works to the getter up of the Club, $12.

The price of Sartain's Magazine being of itself $3 per annum, both works go fully now, by the above offer, be held for what was heretofore the price of each separately.

Preparations are making to publish in the Magazine a series of Illustrated articles on American Heroes, commencing with a Pictorial Life of General Jackson.

☞ Agents wanted in every town and village in the United States, to get up Clubs upon the above liberal terms.

Send on your Subscriptions, and secure $6 worth of reading and engravings for $3. Address,

JOHN SARTAIN & Co., Philadelphia.

March 22. 6w

NEW DRUG STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the stand Nos. 398 and 400 Congress Street, junction of Free st. and is now prepared to dispense to those in need, Drugs and Medicines of a superior quality. His stock having been selected with great care, expressly for retail trade.

A variety of the most approved Family Medicines and popular remedies of the day, constantly on hand.

Physicians' prescriptions put up with great care.

Entrance No. 400 Congress street, just above the head of Green street. SAMUEL THURSTON.

Portland, March 25. tf

FOR EASTPORT & ST. JOHN.

STEAMER ADMIRAL

Captain Albert Wood, will until further notice,) leave P. S. & P. R. Railroad Wharf every TUESDAY, at 8 o' lock, P. M., for Eastport and St. John.

C. C. EATON, Agent.

Portland, April 8. tf.

DR. MARSHALL'S Headache & Catarrh Snuff.

The best article known for the cure of HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD, AND ALL CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS.

Five Gross just received, and for sale at wholesale and retail at proprietor's lowest prices, by C. W. ATWELL. No. 4, under U. S. Hotel, Portland, Me.

Anti-Slavery Letter Envelopes, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Price 10 cents a package of 25. 30 cts per 100.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

In offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many proofs are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica Bowdoin College.

Dear Sir, I delayed answering the receipt of your preparation, until I had an opportunity of witnessing its effects in my own family, or in the families of my friends.

This I have now done with a high degree of satisfaction, in cases both of adults and children.

I have found it, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases.

PARKER CLEAVELAND, M. D.

Brunswick, Me. Feb. 5, 1847.

From an Overseer in the Hamilton Mills, in this City.

Lowell, Aug. 10, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer: I have been cured of the worst cough I ever had in my life, by your Cherry Pectoral, and never fail, when I have opportunity, of recommending it to others.

Yours, respectfully, S. D. EMERSON.

☞ Read the following, and see if this medicine is worth a trial. This patient had become very feeble, and the effect of the medicine was unmistakably distinct:—

United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, July 5, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer,—Sir: I have been afflicted with a painful affection of the lungs, and all the symptoms of settled consumption, for more than a year. I could find no medicine that would reach my case, until I commenced the use of your "Cherry Pectoral," which gave me gradual relief, and I have been steadily gaining my strength till my health is well nigh restored.

While using your medicine, I had the gratification of curing with it my reverend friend, Mr. Truman, of Sumpter District, who had been suspended from his parochial duties by a severe attack of bronchitis.

I have pleasure in certifying these facts to you, And am, sir, yours respectfully,

J. F. CALHOUN, of S. Carolina.

☞ The following was one of the worst of cases which the physicians and friends thought to be incurable consumption:—

Chester, Pa., Aug. 22, 1846.

J. C. Ayer,—Sir: I was taken with a terrible cough, brought on by a cold, in the beginning of last February, and was confined to my bed more than two months.—Coughing incessantly night and day, I became ghastly pale, my eyes were sunken and glassy, and my breath very short. Indeed, I was rapidly failing, and in such distress for breath, that but little hope of my recovery could be entertained. While in this situation, a friend of mine, the Rev. John Keller, of the Methodist church) brought me a bottle of your Cherry Pectoral, which I tried more to gratify him, than from any expectation of obtaining relief. Its good effect induced me to continue its use and I soon found my health much improved.—Now in three months, I am well and strong, and can attribute my cure only to your great medicine.

With the deepest gratitude, yours, &c.

JAMES GODFREY.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by Joshua Durgin & Co., Agents, also, by Edward Mason, H. H. Hay, Charles E. Beckett, Thomas G. Loring, and Samuel Thurston, Portland.

Also by J. G. Rollins, Saco; and by C. N. Cleaveland, Wm. Baker, Brunswick; Dr A Shaw, A G Page, Bath; George H. Thomas, Richmond; E. Dana, Jr., Newcastle; C F Branch, Gardiner; S Page & Co., B Wales, Hallowell; Dillingham & Titcomb, Cushing & Black, Augusta; Messrs. Gore & Holbrook, Freeport; And by Druggists generally throughout the State.

Lowell, 1852. 13 3m

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

CHARLES P. FREEMAN & Co., (LATE FREEMAN, HODGES & CO.) IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS, 144 BROADWAY, One door South of Liberty Street, NEW YORK,

HAVE NOW ON HAND, and will be receiving daily through the season, NEW GOODS, direct from the European manufacturers, and cash auctions, Rich, Fashionable, Fancy Silk Millinery Goods.

Our stock of RICH RIBBONS comprises every variety of the latest and most beautiful designs imported.

Many of our goods are manufactured expressly to our order, from our own designs and patterns, and stand unrivalled. We offer our goods for nett cash, at lower prices than any credit house in America can afford.

All purchasers will find it greatly to their interest to reserve a portion of their money and make selections from our great variety of rich cheap goods.

Ribbons rich for bonnets caps, sashes and belts. Bonnet silks, satins, crapes, lisses, and tarletons. Embroideries, collars, chemisetts, capes, berthas. Habits, sleeves, cuffs, edgings and insertings. Embroidered Reviere, lace and hemstich cambric hdkfs. Blonds illusions, and embroidered laces for caps. Embroidered laces for shawls, mantillas and veils. Honiton, Mechlen, Valenciennes, and Brussels laces. English and wove thread, Smyrna, lisle thread, and cotton laces. Kid, lisle thread, silk, and sewing silk, gloves and mits. French and American ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS. French lace, English, American and Italian laces. STRAW BONNETS AND TRIMMINGS.

New York, March 22, 1852. 13 3m*

GRAVE STONES!!

THE SUBSCRIBER has now on hand a large assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC MARBLE, of the best quality, will continue the manufacture of MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, TOMB TABLES, &c., in the most approved styles, at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Every variety of CARVED and ORNAMENTAL work executed in good style.

Persons in want of the above work, will find it for their interest to call at

310 CONGRESS STREET.

All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction warranted in STOCK, WORK and PRICES.

☞ Be particular and remember the number, 310 Congress Street.

J. H. COOK.

Portland, Nov. 25, 1851. 48 tf.

To all Agriculturists, HORTICULTURISTS, and Florists.

THE following Valuable Books have just been published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., 17 & 19 Cornhill, Boston.

Breck's Book of Flowers, Being a complete guide to the cultivation of a Flower Garden; by Joseph Breck, Esq. Price 75 cents.

Schenck's Kitchen Gardener's Text Book. A thorough work on the Management of the Kitchen Garden; by Peter A. Schenck, price 50 cents.

A Treatise on Hot Houses, Their construction, Heating and Ventilation; by R. B. Leuchars, Esq. price $1,00.

Cole's American Veterinarian, Or, Complete Farrier; by S. W. Cole, Esq., price 50 cts.

Cole's American Fruit Book, Or, Complete Orchardist; by S. W. Cole, Esq., price 50 cents.

48,000 COPIES

Of Mr. Cole's two excellent books, have already been published. The above valuable books are for sale by the principal booksellers throughout the country.

500 AGENTS WANTED,

To sell the above in every State in the Union. Address (post paid,) the publishers 1y—16

Effects of Lightning.

In the *Annailes d Hort. Soc. de Paris*, vol. xxii. p. 120 to 134, an account is given of sixteen trees which have been struck by lightning in different parts of France, at various periods, from 1813 to 1837.

The effects appear to have been very different on different trees. In some, the leaves only were destroyed, in others, the leaves were but very slightly injured, but strips of bark appeared to be torn off: in some the branches were broken, and no other injury done; in some the trunks were split; and in others, no injury was done to the top of the tree, but the roots were laid bare, and torn in pieces. In several cases, where the trees were standing near houses, or hay or corn ricks, they seem to have acted as conductors to the electric fluid, and saved the cottage or the corn-stack or hayrick from being struck by the lightning. This was particularly the case where the Lombardy poplar or the silver fir had attained a great height.—The author of the article, Vicomte Haricart de Thury, concludes with the following advice:—

1. Travellers and country people, reapers, haymakers, &c., during the time of a thunder storm, should never take shelter under detached trees: more especially under a tree which stands at a distance from any other, such trees acting as conductors.

2. To take shelter rather under a bush, than a tree, and the lower and more spreading it is, the better.

3. Never to take shelter on that side of an object, from which the wind or the storm comes, or, indeed, in the direction of the wind or the storm. Thus, supposing the storm proceeded in the direction of the east and west, then the north and south side of a bush, or other sheltering objects, are to be chosen, and not the east and west side.

4. In the moment of danger, the safest way is to recline at length on the ground, choosing a furrow or ditch, if any should be at hand; but no time should be lost in searching for a furrow or ditch, or for a bush or a hedge, because the upright position, maintained during the search, is incomparably more dangerous than the horizontal one.

5. Always to bear in mind that the danger is great in proportion to the shortness of the time which elapses between appearance of the lightning and the noise of the thunder.

6. Those who cannot afford the expense of lightning conductors to their houses, farm buildings and ricks, should plant near them late growing trees, such as the pyramidal oak, (Quercus pedunculato pyramidalls) the Lombardy poplar, (Populus festigiata) the cyprus, the larch, the silver fir, the spruce fir, &c.

Remedies in Accidents.

How to render assistance in Accident.—We digest for the benefit of our readers, especially in country places, the best course to be adopted in emergencies like the following:—

In case of a fractured or dislocated limb:—Let the sufferer lay on the ground until a couch, door gate, or plank, can be procured, for in raising him up he may die from faintness or loss of blood. When procured, place the door or gate alongside of him, cover it with something soft, and let men convey him home steadily but do not put him into a vehicle of any kind.

In Fits.—If a person fall in one, let him remain on the ground, provided *his face be pale*: for should it be fainting, or temporary suspension of the heart's action, you may cause death by raising him upright or bleeding; but if the face *be red or dark colored*, raise him on his seat, throw cold water on his head immediately, and send for a surgeon and get a vein opened, or fatal pressure of the brain may ensue.

In hanging or drowning, expose the chest as quickly as possible and throw ice water over it, whilst the body is kept in a sitting position.

Children in convulsions.—Deluge the head with cold water and put the feet into warm water, till medical aid can be procured.

Poison.—Give an emetic of a teaspoonful of mustard flour in a teaspoonful of warm water every ten minutes, till vomiting ensue or medical assistance is obtained.

Burns and Scalds.—Let the burnt part be bathed in a mixture of turpentine and olive oil, equal parts, till the pain abates; then dress it with a common cerate, and defend it from the air.—*N. Y. Farmer and Mechanic.*

From Lathrop's Farmers' Library.

Neat Cattle.

Hoof Ail.—Cause of the disease is not well known. The feet become diseased, and then they are frozen during the course of the winter, after which they are of no value except for their skins. Feeding them with plants of rich food, and keeping them well littered in warm stables, is thought to be the most profitable and effectual method of avoiding this disorder.

Horn Distemper, subjects them to a wasting of the pith of the horn. It is sometimes in one horn only, and sometimes in both. Indications of the disease are coldness of the horn, dullness of the eyes, sluggishness, want of appetite, and a disposition to lie down. Where the brain is affected, the animal will toss its head, groan, and exhibit indications of great pain. CURE: bore a hole with a small gimblet in the lower side of the horn, about an inch from the head, and the corrupted matter in the horn will run out. If this does not complete the cure Mr. Dean directs that the horn have a mixture of rum, honey, myrrh, and aloes thrown into it with a syringe; and that this be repeated till a cure be effected.

Tail Sickness.—Cause, generally poor keeping. The cure is effected by cutting off a small piece of the tail, which will be attended with a small discharge of blood; or when the hollow part is near the end, cut a slit in it one or two inches long and this will effect a cure.

Gripes or Cholic.—When attacked with it, they lie down and rise up incessantly, and stick their horns against any object that presents. It is attended with either costiveness or scouring. In the former case, they are to be treated with purgatives, and in the latter, with astringents. To stop the purging, give them half a pint of olive oil sweetened with sugar; or a quart of ale, mixed with a few drops of laudanum, and two or three ounces of oil of sweet almonds. To promote purging, give them five or six drachms of fine Barbadoes' aloes, and half pint of brandy, mixed with two quarts of water gruel, in a luke-warm state. In either case, speedy attention to the beast is necessary, in order to prevent an inflammation of the intestines, which must prove fatal.

Scouring Symptoms.—Frequent discharge of slimy excrement, loss of appetite, loss of flesh, increasing paleness of the eyes, and general debility. CURE.—The beast should be immediately housed, and put to dry food; and this in the early stage of the disease will generally effect a cure. Should this fail it is directed by the same author to boil a pound of mutton suet in three quarts of milk, till the former is dissolved, and give it to the beast in a lukewarm state; or in obstinate cases, boil half a pound of powdered chalk in two quarts of water, till it is reduced to three pints; add four ounces of hartshorn shavings, one of cassia, and stir the whole together; when cold, add a pint of lime water and two drachms of tincture of opium; keep the whole in a corked bottle, and after shaking it before using, give one or two horns full two or three times a day, as the nature of the case may require. Sometimes however, this disease proves incurable.

Hoven.—Occasioned by eating too much when turned into rick pastures, by swallowing potatoes, or other roots without sufficient chewing, and to other causes. The stomach of the animal becomes distended with wind, and if a vent for this cannot be afforded the beast must die. *Remedy.*—Open a hole with a sharp pointed knife, with a blade three or four inches long, between the hip and short ribs, where the swelling rises highest, and insert a small tube in the orifice, till the wind ceases to be troublesome. The wound will soon heal up again. Mr. Young recommends for curing the complaint, to take three-fourths of a pint of olive oil, and a pint of melted butter or hog's lard, and pour this mixture down the throat of the beast; and if no favorable change be produced in a quarter of an hour, repeat the dose. For sheep, about a gill should in like manner be given, and the dose repeated if necessary. This, he says, will not fail of a cure in half an hour. To prevent this disorder, cattle should not be turned at first with empty stomachs into rich pastures; nor should they be allowed to feed on potatoes, and some other roots, without their first being cut into pieces.

From the Genessee Farmer.

Proper age of Sheep for Mutton.

In England, where mutton forms such an essential part of the food of all classes, great attention has been paid, not only to producing the greatest quantity but the best quality of mutton. After years of trials and experiments, it seems now to be generally conceded by the writers of the country, that sheep of great size and quick growth, such as the Leicesters, will not give as fine mutton as smaller sheep, and those longer in coming to maturity. In other words, the profit is on the side of the large sheep: the pleasures of eating are with the smaller, such as the South Down. A writer in a late volume on British Husbandry, says:

"A sheep, to be in high order for the palate of an epicure, should not be killed earlier than when five years old; at which age the mutton will be found firm and succulent, of a dark color, and full of the richest gravy; whereas, if only two years old, it is flabby, pale and savorless. The graziers, indeed, do not admit this: and we constantly read flaming accounts in the reports of the shows of stock exhibited in various parts of the kingdom, of pens of wethers fattened to an enormous size in extraordinary short periods of time: but if any one chooses to ascertain the difference in quality, let him cause an equal weight of one of these young Leicesters, and a five year old South Down, to be stewed down into broth, and he will find that of the former to be little better than greasy water, while the latter, besides its superior degree of nutriment, possesses all the flavor of full grown meat."

Among the amateur mutton-eaters, wether mutton is always considered preferable to that of the ewe, unless the latter has been spayed, in which case, when kept to five years old and well fattened, she is considered by connoisseurs, superior, as mutton, to any thing else. Youat, in his work on sheep, says:—

"The Leicester will yield more meat with the same quantity of food than any other sheep can do; but that when fed too high, as is sometimes the case, so much fat is put on that the muscles or lean, seems all absorbed, and the carcass has the appearance and taste of a mass of luscious fat."

This propensity to fatten, or to come to early maturity, in some of the improved animals, is a source of great profit to the breeder; but the consequence to the consumer is, that for mutton he gets neither lamb nor mutton; and when steers of eighteen or twenty months old are converted into beef cattle, so far as weight is concerned, the meat, it is clear, is neither veal nor beef, but a compound of both, and not equal to either. As a general rule it may be remarked, that all animals should be killed while the flesh is in the white state of the young animal, or when it has reached the firm, red fibre of maturity; a result which a forced growth and fattening, does not seem to hasten in the least.

Rearing Turkeys.

In reference to the Turkey, it is a common saying that its "head costs twice as much as its body is worth fattened." This, however, is an error, and especially will it be found so, when anything like system, or a judicious and proper course of management is pursued, in rearing and preparing them for market. When young, turkeys demand a good deal of care and attention; but the bestowment of these need not necessarily entrench much upon the farmer's time, as it is generally a pleasure to females to attend to the young brood. As to the injury they effect among crops—a standard and stereotyped argument against them, with some—it should be observed, that the objection predicated upon this basis is wholly invalid, for the same argument might with equal propriety be advanced against the hog, the sheep, or the cow—all of which, when allowed the "largest liberty," are of predatory habits, and disposed to obtrude themselves into scenes and places where they should not be allowed.

In an old issue of the New York Journal, there is a valuable article on this subject, and from which, for the benefit of such of our readers as may be desirous of obtaining correct information on the subject of turkey-raising, we present the following extracts:

"Before giving our rules," remarks the writer, "for the management of turkeys, let us draw a comparison:—There are but few farmers who cannot raise one hundred turkeys, which will weigh when fattened, in December, upon an average, seven and a half pounds each, full dressed. We say full dressed, for it is the practice in some places, to divest the turkey of nothing but the head and feathers, and then take it to market—a practice as uncivilized as it is disgusting. These hundred turkeys will then weigh equal to seven hundred and fifty pounds of pork. But if the male turkeys are kept till February or March, they will not only increase in weight twice the amount of their feed, but the price in market will be much higher."

The following are the rules for fattening, laid down by the writer:

"Turkeys intended for breeders, must be kept well during the winter. If put in good condition, however, during December, it takes but little food to keep them so. Their nests for laying, must be made with hay or cut straw, under cover, and be well protected from the weather, and from vermin. When incubation commences, the turkey must not be disturbed, and if she does not come from her nest for food and water, she must have both placed by her, on the nest. When the young turkeys are hatched, they may be allowed to remain one day in the nest; or, if removed, let them be sheltered in a warm place, and plenty of straw for them to set upon to be provided, for they are now extremely liable to take cold. The second day, feed them on crumbs or warm clabbered milk, with a little Indian or barley meal. They must be kept up and fed in this way, for two or three days, and longer if the weather should be cold and rainy; but as soon as a warm and pleasant day comes, let them out at nine or ten o'clock, and shut them up at four; and this practice of letting them out and shutting them up, must be followed for five or six weeks, and on no account let them get wet. When a young turkey begins to droop, there is but little hope for it. There is no danger of keeping them too warm. When they are five or six weeks old, put a little grease on their heads, to preserve them from vermin."

Charles Staar, Jr., in an article published in the American Agriculturist, on this topic, remarks as follows:

Heretofore I have had so much difficulty in raising turkeys, as to be discouraged: but of late I have been very successful in consequence of pursuing the following method, recommended to me by a lady, who said that she had no trouble with them—

When first hatched, give no food for twenty-four hours; then give a little curd made from buttermilk, increasing the quantity as they grow older. They should then be protected from the wet, and by no means have Indian meal. But with the curd, they may have, in moderate quantities, wheat bread soaked in buttermilk. I believe that Indian meal is fatal to the greater part of young turkeys that die, in the attempt to raise them.

Remedy for Sheep Poisoned and for Scours.

Sheep are frequently poisoned by eating common laurel (*kalmia latifolia*) more especially when on drift.

Symptoms. Grating the teeth and a desire to vomit, and sometimes the lips are colored green.

Treatment. Immediately upon attack, give the sheep a dose of fine tobacco and lard mixed, one spoonful; or either, if both are not at hand. It will assist them to throw off the poison: or give the sick animal a strong tea made of mountain dittany (cunila mareana) luke warm. This simple remedy has been known to recover sheep in the last stages of the disorder. Those farmers and drovers whose cattle and sheep are in danger of being poisoned, would do well to procure and dry a quantity of dittany in the summer; the latter part of the season and winter they are the most likely to be affected.

Looseness in Sheep or scours, is one of the most sudden and rapid disorders that attacks them; especially thin sheep and lambs. It is generally caused by eating raw or early cut hay. The best method to prevent and to cure is, to give them daily, a few messes of wheat in the sheaf, a regular quantity of salt at all times. If it occurs in the winter, brine ripe hay seed: wheat chaff is good, so is a small quantity of oats, and a few pine or hemlock tops. Keep them a few days on ripe hay or corn fodder.

Ground and Unground Food.

In a communication from the Society of Shakers at Lebanon, N. Y., in the Patent Office Report, we find the following:

The experience of more than 30 years leads us to estimate ground corn at one-third higher than unground as cattle food, and especially for fattening pork; hence it has been the practice of our society for more than a quarter of a century to grind all our provender.

The same experiment induces us to put a higher value upon cooked than upon raw meal; and for fattening animals, swine particularly, we consider three of cooked equal to four of raw meal.

Until within the last three or four years our society fattened annually for 30 years, from 40 to 50,000 pounds of pork, exclusive of lard and offal fat; and it is the constant practice to cook the meal, for which six or seven potash kettles are used.

The Shakers are a close, observing, calculating people, and go in for the practical realities of life, and therefore, in the economy of food, must be presumed to be good judges.—New Jersey Herald.

The Purik Sheep of Thibet.—A RAM and three ewes of this breed have been recently sent to England, where they have proved themselves wonderfully prolific. They attain early maturity, and when grown, weigh 30 to 40 pounds. They are hardy and easily reared, and are commended as excellent substitutes for the poor man's dog.

Mr. Moorcraft, who travelled extensively in their native country, some years since, thus describes their pet-familiar habits:

"The Purik sheep, if permitted, thrusts its head into the cooking pot, picks up crumbs, is eager to drink the remains of salted and buttered tea or broth, and examines the bands of its master for *lattro*, (barley flour) or for a cleanly-picked bone, which it disdains not to nibble. A leaf of lettuce, a pealing of turnip, the skin of an apricot, are also its luxuries."—English paper.

ATTENTION TO CATTLE.

All sudden changes in the habits or diet of either men or animals produce a degree of derangement in the system, corresponding to the magnitude of the change that takes place. When cattle are first changed from the dry food in the barn, to the rich and succulent food of the pasture, it produces a laxative state of the system, and requires a greater degree of the farmer's attention than it generally receives. Salt should be given them freely at such times, and a small dose of saltpetre or garget will be very serviceable, and frequently prevent a settled disease later in the season.

During the cold storms of sleet and rain in the spring, cattle should be carefully housed, as they are much more liable to take cold at that season of the year than any other. The profits of farm stock, and cows in particular, depends very much on the care and attention that is bestowed upon them.

HEAVES IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator gives the following as the best treatment, with which he is acquainted, for horses troubled with the heaves:

"I notice in your last number, an enquiry for a remedy for the heaves in horses. I will give you, in my opinion, the best remedy now known, which is simple, and will be of use to any one that owns a heavy horse. Feed on cut hay and add 2 parts Indian meal to 1 part of shorts, (bran,) adding to each feeding, a table-spoon full of ginger. This I have used as a remedy for ten years, and find that a horse so fed, will work and do as well as though his wind was sound."

Sore Teats in Cows.—As many of our farmers suffer severely annually, by swollen udders and teats in their milch cows, the following is a cheap, simple and most sure remedy.

Take the bark of the root of the shrub commonly called bitter-sweet, wash and simmer it with a quantity of lard, until it is very yellow, and when cool, apply it to the parts that are swollen, two or three times a day, until the udder and teats are perfectly soft and free from kernels. It has been tried with great success in our vicinity.

The expenses of a student at an English University, are $2,500 a year, and likelier to reach $4,000. At Yale or Harvard, $300 does t very respectably.

S. M. Pettingill & Co's Boston Directory.

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IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
RICH WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND PLATED WARE,
No. 69 Washington Street,
Three doors South of COURT STREET, BOSTON.
S. T. CROSBY. S. E. BROWN.

OLD SALT HOUSE.
JAMES OAKES,
No. 49 Long Wharf, Boston.
Importer and dealer in all kinds of SALT, Wholesale and Retail at lowest cash prices.
Turks Island, Trapani, Liverpool, Bonaire and Bay Salt.

To Bakers.
THE SUBSCRIBERS, MACHINISTS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Critcherson's Cracker Machines,
With their late improvements, would call the attention of BAKERS to their manufactory, corner of CAMBRIDGE AND CHARLES STS., Boston.
ELLIOTT & SHATTUCK.

S. M. Pettingill & Co's Boston Directory.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.'S
BOSTON
Business Directory,
APRIL 1851.

The second Spring List, collected by S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, who are authorized by the publishers of the best and most widely circulated Newspapers throughout the United States, to take advertisements and subscriptions at the low est rates.

☞ THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF MANY OF THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL AND HONORABLE BUSINESS FIRMS IN BOSTON.—MERCHANTS AND OTHERS VISITING THE CITY, WILL FIND THIS DIRECTORY OF GREAT SERVICE TO THEM. AND THEY ARE ADVISED TO TAKE IT WITH THEM.

REDUCTION IN PRICE
— OF —
BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID,
For Restoring, Preserving, and Adorning the Hair.
The following low rates, viz:
Bottles formerly sold at 50 cents reduced to 25 cents.
[illegible]
The many written testimonials of this celebrated Hair Restorative, [illegible] than any can afford. [illegible] assures the public that the "Hyperion" will always continue to be as good as heretofore, [illegible] throughout the globe.
This, with Bogle's "Electric Hair Dye," and other preparations, are sold by his Agents every where in the United States and Canadas.

MELLEN & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASS WARE,
and Paper Hangings,
Nos. 18 and 20 Merchants' Row, Boston.

CAHILL TOLMAN,
Manufacturers' Agent for the sale of every description of Plain and Painted
WOODEN WARE,
And Dealer in *Willow Ware, Brooms, Brushes, Baskets, Mats, Cordage, &c.,*
No. 78 Union, near Hanover St., Boston.
Orders promptly attended to, and goods packed with care and shipped or delivered to the different depots.

CALEB DEELEY,
5 MERCHANTS ROW, BOSTON,
Engraver, Lithographic and Plate Printer,
Importer of English and German Bronze Powders, and Metal Leaf.
☞ Rich Fancy Paper, Colored Paper, and Card Stocks American and Foreign.

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MANUFACTURER OF EVERY VARIETY OF
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SHEET ISINGLASS OR MICA.
To Stove and Lantern Manufacturers.
For Compass Cards, Lanterns of all kinds, Stove and Furnace Doors &c. It is superior to anything ever used for the above purposes, on account of not breaking or burning, but standing the most intense heat.
Safety Lanterns and Safety Lamps, of various sizes, a very superior article. Sold at No. 31 UNION STREET, (up stairs,) Boston, by GEO. H. RUGGLES.

T. C. WALES & CO.,
THE ONLY ENTIRE CASH
Boot, Shoe, and Rubber House
IN BOSTON
Nos. 19 BROAD & 46 CENTRAL STREETS, (*Up Stairs.*)

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN
BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,
AND IMPORTER OF
FRENCH PATENT LEATHER, MOROCCO, AND KID SKINS, LASTING, GALLOONS, LACES, &c.,
At the Lowest Prices.
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MANUFACTURER and Jobber of *Gents', Ladies, Misses' and Children's BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS*, of the best quality and styles for the Retail Trade.
Also, Sole Leather, Kid Stock, and Findings of the best quality, all of which will be sold reasonably for cash.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
S. RADDIN, Jr., No. 30 Broad St., Boston,
MANUFACTURER and dealer in Boots and SHOES, respectfully invites merchants from the country to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined not to be undersold. 8w

SADDLERY HARDWARE.
HENRY TAYLOR & CO.,
18 and 20 KILBY STREET, Importers and Dealers.
— ALSO —
PHILADELPHIA OAK-TANNED
HARNESS AND BRIDLE LEATHER
Constantly on hand, with a full stock of Carriage Trimmings and Lance wood Poles.

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99 WASIHNGTON STREET,
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HAS always a large assortment of Brushes for sale—of best quality, and at low fixed prices.
HAIR BRUSHES—of Russia bristles, stiff and Penetrating—also, softer kinds for smoothing the hair.
TOOTH BRUSHES—Various patterns, of the most serviceable kinds.
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FEATHER DUSTERS—Steele's patent Feather Dusters, all sizes, plain and colored—sole Agency for the sale in New England.
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HORSE BRUSHES—With bristles cut either solid or penetrating, for thick or thin hair.
PAINT BRUSHES—Made of *long, straight*, and *clear white* bristles for inside work. These brushes have given the fullest satisfaction.
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PASTE, OR WALL BRUSHES—For Paper-hangers' use; also used by Painters for painting floors and other large surfaces.
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ARCHITECTS' PENCILS—Of fine *black sable hair*, in extra large quills—a superior article. 5teop

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Retail prices—Trial bottles, 25 CENTS; 7 times the quantity in very large bottles, each on an elegant fancy box which will accommodate an oil brush and comb, 75 CENTS only.
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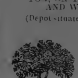
The proprietors of the above establishment have on hand and are constantly receiving, every standard production extensively cultivated in this section of the country, together with many new and fine varieties of Fruit and ornamental trees Shrubs, Roses, Herbaceous Plants and Evergreens, imported from the leading Nurseries in Europe.
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To avoid enumerating in an advertisment, we would refer to our Descriptive Catalogue, which can be had on application. All orders by mail addressed to
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Persons wishing Trees in a bearing state are invited to visit the Nurseries and make their own selection. Terms, lowest market price. 2000 Pear Trees. 10,000 do on Quince stocks. Catalogues sent to applicants.
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HOVEY & CO.,
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Have for sale 60 000 Pear, Apple, Plum and Cherry Trees. Also one of the most extensive assortments of Garden and Flower seeds, Agricultural Tools, &c. Catalogues may be had gratis, enclosing one postage stamp.

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Medicines, Paints, Drugs, Oils,
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Botanic Medicines,
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Draws attention to a new style of Wigs, called the
Unshrinking Gossamer Wigs,
Which for lightness, elegance and durability, has never been equalled. Also, the
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Which adapts itself on the instant to the head, and is so natural as to defy detection, even by members of the same family. A large assortment constantly on hand.
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A splendid stock now on hand, 6 1-4 and 7 octaves, varying in price from $200 to $500 every instrument is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or the purchase money refunded any time within one year. Old Pianos taken in exchange.
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FLORENCE WHITE,
AN UNCHANGEABLE GLOSS WHITE PAINT,
For insides of Houses, Stores, Ship and Steamboat Cabins, which is the most durable and economical Paint yet known, being unaffected by dampness or impure air, which is the cause of Paint changing and turning yellow. It is also easily cleansed of dirt and smoke without injury to its surface.
It has been in use for the past three years, and has proved itself permanent beyond a doubt. The proprietor has full confidence in its remaining white and in good condition at least four times as long as common lead or zinc white paint. It has already attained a high character as the best paint, and is coming into general use for all nice white painting.
People are cautioned against impositions practiced by some persons in selling an imitation article under the same name, which is unfair and decidedly unjust, as they rob me of that which they cannot repay. I claim to have the best article yet invented, I do not wish to prevent others from producing a superior, but only ask that each shall stand on its own basis.
The genuine article ready prepared for use, can always be had at my store, in neat packages of 10 and 20 lbs. each, and the liquid to thin it with, which requires about one gallon to 10 pounds of the White.
The first cost of this article, compared with white lead paint, is found to be but one quarter more, but being of greater body and fineness, it spreads further, dries and works well, and is not liable to crack. Directions for its use accompany the article.
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Where is kept the largest and best selected stock of PAINTS and MATERIALS for EVERY DEPARTMENT in PAINTING, of any place in New England.

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ARTISTS, COLORS, CANVASS, BRUSHES, AND ALL MATERIALS FOR OIL PAINTING, OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.
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Mono-chromatic Board and Drawing Material in every variety. M. J. WHIPPLE, 35 Cornhill.

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FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.
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Custom Made Clothing and a Complete assortment of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods constantly on hand.

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CORDAGE of every description from this Company constantly on hand, and for Sale in any quantities, by the Gang or otherwise, at the Company's depository, Nos. 42 and 44 *Eastern Railroad Wharf*, BOSTON.
The attention of Merchants, Ship Builders, and Ship Owners is particularly called to the excellent quality of Cordage manufactured by this well known and long established Company.
BLANCHARD, SHERMAN & CO.,
BOURNE SPOONER, Treas. Selling Agents.
Also chain Cables, Anchors, and Duck constantly on hand.

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Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
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James French,
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of
LETTER PAPER, ENVELOPES, GOLD AND STEEL PENS, BOOKS AND FANCY STATIONERY.
Of every description, at reduced rates!! (Orders solicited.

J. & W. McADAMS,
Patent Paged and Headed Account Book Manufacturers,
AND DEALERS IN
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No. 94 State Street, Boston.
Orders from any part of this country and Canada promptly attended to.

GREAT SALE OF
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From the Assignees of a large Paper manufacturing establishment. Upwards of 10,000 reams of *Wrapping Paper*, various sizes and weights, of the very best quality, made partly of Manilla stock, just the thing for the Hardware and West India Goods Trade. Will be sold at great bargains, with a very large variety of all other kinds of Paper and Twine, at our PAPER WAREHOUSE, 26, 28 and 30 WATER STREET, CORNER OF CONGRESS.
WILDER & Co.

WHOLESALE PAPER WAREHOUSE,
WILKINS, RICE & KENDALL,
(Late Wilkins, Carter & Co.,)
No. 16 Water Street, Boston.
A full assortment of Printing, Letter Cap, Writing, Colored, Tissue, and all other paper. Orders solicited.

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Boston and Chelsea Paper Company.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAPER HANGINGS,
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MIRIAM & PALMER, PROPRIETORS.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in
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FIRE BOARD PRINTS, TRANSPARENT WINDOW SHADES, &c., &c.,
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Book, Job, and Card Printers,
AND BOOKBINDERS,
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We have greater facilities for despatch, and materials for superior work, than any office in New England.
*** Your patronage is requested.

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PRINTER,
52 *WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,*
—OLD DICKINSON STAND—
GOOD WORK—PRICES FAIR.

Lind Scale Piano Fortes,
The subscriber begs to inform the public that he is now prepared to furnish PIANO FORTES with his *New Lind Scale and Patent Action* and *Full Iron Frame*, at such prices as will make it a great object for all purchasers to call and examine his splendid stock now ready for the spring trade varying in prices from two hundred to five hundred dollars, with or without *Coleman's Æolian Attachment*.
Old Pianos taken in exchange for new ones.
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LIBERTY TREE BOOK AND STATIONARY WAREHOUSE.
At Wholesale and retail Family 8vo and Pocket Bibles; Prayer Books, Hymn Books, standard illustrated Historical and Poetical Works; School, Classical, Theological Miscellaneous, Juvenile and Toy Books; sheet Music and Music Books; Cheap Publications, Card Cases, Visiting Cards, Porte Monnaies, Portfolios, gold and silver Pencils, gold and steel Pens, Writing Desks, Copying Presses, Bankers' Cases, Pocket Books, Drawing Paper, Drawing Instruments and Materials, fancy and plain Letter Paper, and Envelopes to match, best styles of Note Paper; black, blue red, carmine cophing, Japan, and scarlet Writing Ink; foolscap, printing, and Wrapping Paper; blank Account and Memorandum Books of every description, made of the best of stock, constantly on hand and ruled and bound to order, by G. WASHINGTON BRIGGS, 376 Washington, corner of Essex street, Boston.
Public, Private, and Sabbath School Libraries supplied, at lowest rates.
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N. B.—Always on hand, the *last new* publications, and the most extensive variety of "Books that are Books."

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Bills at short notice, in sums to suit on London, Paris, Bremen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, Rotterdam, St. Peetrsburg, San Francisco, Cologne,
FOR SALE BY
GOSSLER & CO.,
31 India Wharf.
Bills forwarded by Post or otherwise.

J. W. CARTER & BROTHERS,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
New England Spice Mills.
Spices of all kinds put up in papers and 25 lb. boxes. Coffee of every description put up in barrels, halves, and 25 lb. boxes; also in pound papers, warranted pure, with a general assortment of West India Goods and Teas at wholesale and retail, at NOS. 17 and 19 WATER ST., BOSTON.

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